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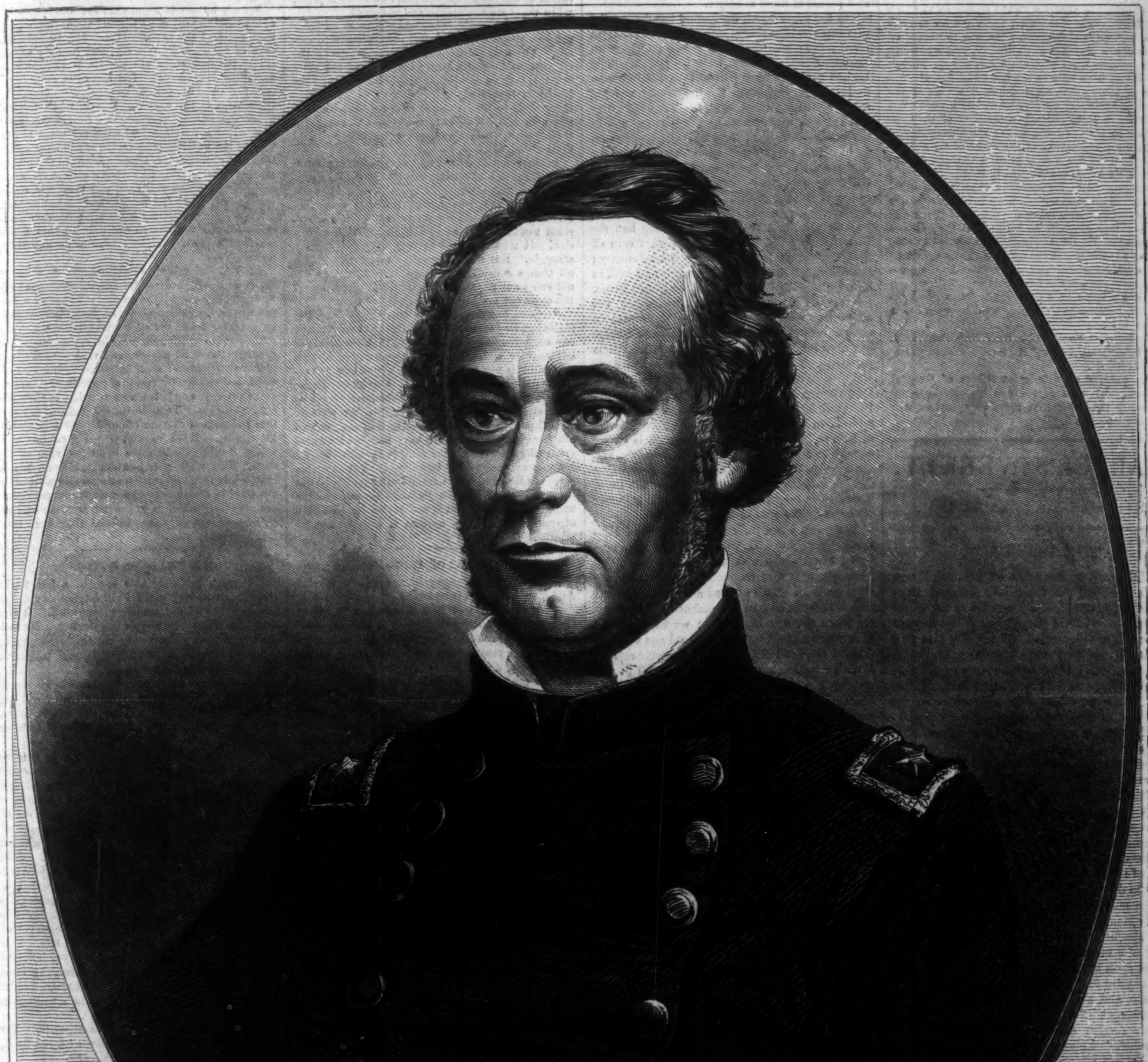


MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, U.S.A., COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.—From a Photograph.—[See next Page.]

MAJOR-GEN. HALLECK, U.S.A.

ON the preceding page we publish a portrait of the new Commander in Missouri, MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, United States Army, from a photograph kindly furnished us by Mrs. Halleck.

Major-General Henry Wager Halleck was born on Long Island, New York, about the year 1818, and graduated at West Point in the class of 1839. He stood second in his class, Brigadier-General Stevens, of Oregon, now in command of a brigade at Beaufort, South Carolina, alone outranking him. On the 1st July, 1839, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant of Engineers, and remained at the Academy as Professor for a year.

In 1841 he published a military work on "Bitumen and its Uses," etc. In January, 1845, he was appointed First Lieutenant; and during that year he was selected, by the committee of the Lowell Institute, at Boston, to deliver one of the regular courses of lectures—the subject being "Military Science and Art." These lectures he compiled into a neat volume during the following year, adding thereto a lengthy introduction on the "Justifiableness of War." The work contains much valuable elementary instruction, as well as abundance of historical illustration, and is written with marked ability. In 1847 he was breveted Captain for gallant conduct in affairs with the enemy on the 19th and 20th days of November, 1847, and for meritorious service in California. He was Secretary of State of the province of California, under the military governments of Generals Kearney, Mason, and Riley, from 1847 to the end of 1849. He was chief of the staff to Commodore Shubrick in the naval and military operations on the Pacific coast in 1847 and 1848, and was a member of the Convention in 1849 to form, and of the Committee to draft, the Constitution of the State of California. In July, 1853, he was appointed Captain of Engineers, and resigned August 1, 1854.

Independent of his military capacity, General Halleck is noted as an able lawyer, he, at the time of his appointment, being the principal partner in the law firm of Halleck, Billings, & Co., of San Francisco. He left his lucrative business to take up arms in defense of the cause of the Government of the United States, and was created by Congress a Major-General of the Army, his commission bearing date August 19, 1861. He is, with good authority, reputed to be a very wealthy man and a good soldier.

He has just published a most important work on "International Law," the fruit of fifteen years' study.

The country expects great things of General Halleck. His past record and his physiognomy encourage the belief that these expectations will not be disappointed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

THE PROSPECT.

THE arrest of the rebel ex-Senators Mason and Slidell fills the cup of the perplexities of the traitors. Upon the success of the efforts of those experienced politicians the last hope of the insurgents depended. From the first they admitted that they were incapable of coping with the North; but they relied on the power of King Cotton, and felt certain that Great Britain and France would help them by breaking the blockade. Seven months of actual warfare without European interference have somewhat shaken that conviction; but still it was hoped that the consummate address of Mason and Slidell would yet verify the predictions of the authors of the rebellion. The capture of these worthies overturns the scheme, and annihilates the rebel hopes at a blow.

In truth, as we remarked in a recent number, the hand of a just Providence has been heavily laid, of late, upon the wicked wretches who have tried to destroy our Government.

The published correspondence between Secretary Memminger and the cotton planters shows that the latter are grievously straitened by the want of a market for their produce; those who reflect upon the wants of a slave-holding planter will readily realize how imperious his necessities are, and how intolerable the war has rendered his condition. Governor Pickens's Message affords further evidence of the suffering of the rebels. Refugees all agree in stating that the distress which prevails at New Orleans, Mobile, and other cities which were formerly centres of Southern activity and industry, is without precedent in history. Every branch and description of business is paralyzed, and thousands of people are fed daily at New Orleans by a State charity. The strength of the South is now its weakness: the people who have grown rich by using the labor of 4,000,000 of human beings without paying them for it, are now impoverished by the necessity of feeding and clothing those four millions without getting any return for their outlay. The merchant has no business to transact; the ship-owner can not get his ships to sea; the planter can not sell his produce; the laborer can not obtain work; all classes are suffering acutely from the want of articles of prime necessity—woolen cloths, leather, boots, needles, drugs, tools of all kinds, and the thousand and one articles for which the shiftless South has always been dependent on the industrious North. In a military aspect the South has lost ground steadily ever since the battle of Bull Run. Our fortifications at Washington are now impregnable, and the hope of taking that city is lost forever. Maryland is now firmly secured to the Union, and we garrison Accomac County, Virginia. Kentucky has cast her lot with the North: Zollicoffer has abandoned the all-important position of Cumberland Gap, and it seems doubtful now whether all the forces of Tennessee will save Buckner from the fate of Williams. The rebels have been fairly expelled from the soil of Missouri. The defeat of Lyon and the capture of Lexington have proved barren victories, which have cost the rebels men and money, and have had the same results as would have ensued from defeats. On the coast we hold Hatteras, which puts an end to privateering; we hold Port Royal, the best sea-port on the Atlantic coast; we hold Fort Pickens, and will soon be in possession of Pensacola: our blockade is as nearly perfect as any blockade can be. Every privateer sent to sea by the insurgents has either been taken or wrecked; our ships sail as safely through the Gulf of Mexico as they did before the war. On every side we see the same evidences of decay of rebel strength and defeat of rebel schemes.

On the other hand, the Nation has during the past summer been slowly gathering up its strength for the fight, and the result is one of which an American citizen may well be proud. The United States have at present fully 475,000 men under arms, including the regiments not yet sent forward from their States. They have over 200 ships of war of various kinds at sea and in the various dock-yards and navy-yards—enough to blockade every creek from the capes of the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. And—what is still more important—they have plenty of money to pay their soldiers and sailors and to carry on the war. The Associated Banks of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston have already lent the Government $150,000,000, and another sum of $50,000,000 will be forthcoming on 1st January; besides which the people have taken and hold in circulation $13,000,000 of United States Notes, payable on demand, and are increasing the amount daily. All this has been done without any panic or trouble in the money market; there has been no danger of any suspension of specie payments, or forced circulation of paper money; and there is no prospect of any thing of the kind. Our foreign relations are steadily improving. In April last, Europe was satisfied that "the republican bubble had burst." Now every Court in Europe is satisfied that the Republic is strong enough to maintain itself against all comers, and the Foreign Minister of England expressly warns British subjects against infringing our blockade. There is no fear now that Europe will interfere with the suppression of the rebellion.

We have, since July last, reconquered Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland; we have rendered Washington safe beyond all hazard; we have occupied two important sea-ports on the rebel coast; we have created an army out of the mob which flocked to the defense of the country when the war broke out; we have got rid of incompetent officers, and placed our best soldiers at the head of our troops; we have created a navy; we have, in a word, developed in this country a military and naval strength equal, if not superior, to that of France, and decidedly superior to that of any other nation in the world.

We are now commencing our work. The past has been experimental merely. We are now going to see how long five to six millions of people, without industry, without money, without military resources, and with the distracting element of three and a half millions of natural enemies among them, can resist the deliberately gathered strength of twenty-one millions of people, who have emphatically staked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor on the suppression of the rebellion and the maintenance of their united nationality. Every day now we shall be making history.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULL.

A FRIEND just from England says that he met very few Englishmen who were not in full sympathy with the rebellion in this country; and yet not one of them thought that in any case England would or should interfere. The persons he saw were chiefly of the mercantile class, and they naturally regard our affairs from the single point of commercial interest. They do not understand, nor ought they to be expected to understand, the merits of the case.

But this testimony only confirms the conviction that we are vindicating ourselves in every way by this war. We have to teach other Powers that we are a nation. We have, by the maintenance of our Government, to put Toryism of every kind in the wrong. We have, by the same means, to conquer the confidence of Trade. The malicious hate of the London *Times*, the sneering, caustic flippancy of the *Saturday Review*, can not be changed by argument nor propitiated by silence. They will hiss, and strike, and sting as they have begun. They will disbelieve in our success until we succeed, and then they will prophesy that our success is a delusion. The spirit that animates such journals will never be just, or candid, or noble, or friendly, or human. It will always be British, and nothing else.

But the British ignorance and jealousy of America and American affairs will not, as our friend testifies, and as the chief organs of opinion show, lead England to embroil herself in our struggles. To do so would be to plunge the world into war. The occasion of interference would be the English necessity of cotton. But the first question that Power asks herself is, of course, whether war helps her chances of getting it. But how much cotton is she likely ever to carry from America if she tries to obtain it forcibly? Such a movement upon the part of England would stir us scarcely less than this rebellion. The whole energy of our people, devoted for the last half century, with such amazing success, to trade, would be turned to war. We should accept arms as our career for a generation. The slaves would be at once emancipated without any more hair-splitting. The cotton that was not destroyed by brave bands in the store-houses would be convoyed to England by a fleet. The vast merchant service of the United States, suddenly changed to war ships, would strike at English commerce in every sea. The American market for British cotton goods would be lost. The American supply of grain would be cut off. The five million of English subjects who live upon starvation wages, and for whose relief the war would be waged, would become at once the most dangerous army of paupers in the very heart of the kingdom. How much cotton is England likely to get, and at what price, when these are the necessary expenses?

Recognition of the rebellious section as an independent power would not help Manchester to cotton. There are certain immutable truths in the conduct of human affairs; and one of the most fixed is, that a great living people like those of the Northern States of this country will not suffer themselves to be expunged as a nation without a struggle, which will be proportioned in energy to their youth, their vigor, their intelligence, and their Saxon quality.

In the event of some great disaster to our arms, it is the opinion of the most enlightened Americans in Europe that the rebellious section would be acknowledged as independent. But they surely deceive themselves who suppose that such a movement would compel us to submit to the insurrection. It might compel us to a long and terrible struggle. But we are quite as prepared for war, all things considered, as any nation. If we did not come out unscathed, certainly England would not come out scathless.

England has thrown away our friendship. For if she has any statesman who knows the course of our current history, he is aware that the spirit in our politics which has hitherto alienated foreign sympathy is precisely the spirit which is now trying to destroy our Government. Consequently the opposing spirit is one which would have bound us more strongly in friendly ties with other powers. Had those powers, and especially England, valued our friendship, they would have shown us natural sympathy. Certainly the fault is not ours that we are now more separated in feeling than at any time since the Revolution. Certainly the fault will not be ours even if English jealousy becomes active and goes to war. That is not probable. But the alienation of the two nations is already accomplished.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

OUGHT we to exchange prisoners with the rebels? And if so, how shall it be done?

After the battle of Bull Run, when Secretary Cameron sent a letter to "whom it may concern" for the recovery of the body of the Colonel of the New York Seventy-ninth, the rebel General looked at the note, and said, sarcastically, "It doesn't concern me," and dismissed the messengers.

In a war of this kind words are things. General Washington would not receive letters addressed to him simply as George Washington, Esquire. He required to be addressed as General of an army. It was natural, for he was a General of an army. Whether the British thought that he was rightfully so, was not his affair. So the rebels have an army: an army marshaled to undo the work of Washington. And the leaders of that army are Generals, or commanding officers. Is there any harm in saying so? If the address will lead to negotiations by which good men may be recovered, is there any sacrifice of honor?

On the other hand, if the condition of an exchange of prisoners be that the rebel leaders shall be addressed by the United States as a Government, we ought not to wish for an exchange. If we can not recover our brave men in any other way than by calling Mr. Davis President of the Confederate States, the brave men who have been taken prisoners while resisting that claim would be the very first to refuse an exchange. The army of the rebels is a fact, and must be so treated; but their government is a mere pretense, and must be so regarded.

But again, if they choose to release our captive soldiers upon their oath not to bear arms against them, that is a matter for the soldiers themselves to decide. The difficulty in the way of our doing the same, is the fact that the rebels regard us as the Spaniards regarded Protestants, and hold that there need be no faith with heretics. If Southern officers do not feel themselves bound by the flag and their oath to the service of their country, why should we expect them to be bound by any other oath of allegiance or inaction? If Floyd should be caught and released upon his oath, would there be any doubt that he would fire at us the first gun he safely could? And if Floyd would do it—we do do not wish to insult any man by comparing him to Floyd—but could we wisely expect his soldiers to regard their oath?

There are not wanting those who say that the war must be taken as a fact, and its conduct governed by the rules of war; and that to address the Confederates as a power, in order to effect an exchange, is not to regard them any less as rebels. But is there much doubt that such an act at the close of the first campaign, and under all the circumstances of that campaign, would be regarded by other nations as a most significant and suspicious sign?

The question is grave. It is a terrible thing to leave our brave men in the hands of such an enemy as the rebels. It is hard for men going into battle to think that, if captured, they can not be exchanged. But it is a consciousness that weighs equally upon both parties. And if the condition of exchange be the verbal concession of the claims of the rebellion, will not many a soldier say, 'Yes, it is hard enough. But it is the way in which we must do our duty. 'They also serve who only stand and wait?'"

THE WAR AND PUBLIC CRITICISM.

THE great principles of our political system are still undisturbed although we are at war. The right of candid discussion is not lost, nor is honorable criticism of the management of public affairs suppressed, or sought by any intelligent man to be suppressed. Constant, unsparing, unscrupulous attacks upon the Administration, prompted by palpable sympathy with treason, will be stopped with the cordial approbation of all loyal citizens. In like manner, incessant sneers, taunts, gibes, and insinuations upon the part of men and papers whose loyalty can not be suspected, although not to be repressed by authority, will certainly be condemned by patriotism and the public good sense.

We are to bear in mind that the administration of the Government in its present hands follows and does not lead the popular will. Mr. Lincoln is a man of unsuspected honesty, and entirely unselfish in the dangerous sense. He is emphatically our Chief Magistrate. His aim is to enforce the letter of the law, and to be guided implicitly by the wishes of the nation. Hence, when General Frémont issued his proclamation freeing the slaves of rebels, the President, who did not mean to pass beyond the strict letter himself, and did not intend that any of his officers should, modified the proclamation so as to bring it verbally within the exact scope of the Act of confiscation. Congress, or the representatives of the people, had just adjourned, after saying precisely what they wished to have done. The President was of opinion that it was not for him or any other officer to do any thing more or less.

Public opinion is thus emphatically the guide of the emergency; and public opinion can arise only through honest and loyal debate. The utmost candor in the discussion of all subjects, limited only by good faith and common sense, is therefore the condition of our success. If the discussion be not conducted in good temper, and with a tone which indicates an earnest wish for success—if it be captious, and clearly the result of prejudice and spleen—the remedy, and it is a sure one, lies in the same public opinion. To abdicate the right of fair and firm criticism at this era of our history is to betray the citadel. It is a Turkish stupor of subservience which would calmly stare upon the ruin of the state. But while this is evident, it is no less so that, while frank discussion of men and methods is essential to the success of our cause, carping, jealous, sneering innuendo, or peevish and skeptical acquiescence, are only less hurtful than open treason.

M'CLELLAN'S MOTTO.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S speech, a few weeks since, upon receiving the Philadelphia sword, has been justly and universally commended. It was manly, and therefore simple and modest. He took the sword as an earnest of public confidence, not as a reward of service. He hoped, he said, to deserve it. We know that he will.

It is old news now; but one phrase in his speech is golden. It should be stamped upon all our hearts: "I ask in the future, Forbearance, Patience, Confidence"—these three; and who will refuse them?

One thing is very clear, and that is, that no means of ending the war and restoring the peaceful supremacy of the Government are to be considered out of order for debate. It is idle, for instance, to say that no abolition capital shall be made out of the war. It is idle, because if the Government of the United States can not be maintained without abolishing slavery, it will be abolished. John Cochrane said in New York, that "though he was not in favor of making this a war of emancipation, yet if the exigencies of the service required the putting of arms into the hands of the negroes to fight for the Union, he was heartily in favor of availing ourselves of such a chance of war. This expedient would be no more than our enemies would do toward us. He thought this the general opinion of those who had gone to fight the battles of the Union." And he repeated the sentiment in Washington.

No man of common sense thinks otherwise. For why should we hold up an enemy with one hand, and knock him over with the other?

General Frémont undoubtedly touched the spring of the rebellion in his proclamation. The President, in his letter of modification, did not deny that, as a military necessity, it was competent for any General of a Department to take such a step, but he did not think that the necessity yet existed; and with that scrupulous regard for the wishes of the nation, as expressed in Congress, which becomes every Chief Magistrate, he asked Frémont to make his proclamation conform to the letter of the law passed at the last session.

The words of the law are as follows. They are the *Fourth Section* of the *Act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes*: "*And be it further enacted*, that whenever any person claiming to be entitled to the service or labor of any other person, under the laws of any State, shall employ such person in aiding or promoting any insurrection, or in resisting the laws of the United States, or shall permit him to be so employed, he shall forfeit all right to such service or labor, and the person whose labor or service is thus claimed shall be henceforth discharged therefrom, any law to the contrary notwithstanding."

Events march—to use a Gallicism. The Congress that meets in December will have been in-

structed by the history of the summer and of the year. The more sagacious members will see that the wording of the law is vague. What is "aiding or promoting an insurrection?" If a man gives a rebel a gun, isn't that "aiding?" If he stays at home to do the rebel's work while the rebel creeps to the Potomac to use the rifle upon Baker—perchance upon M'Clellan—isn't that "promoting?" When Congress has meditated this question with "forbearance, patience, confidence," there are few loyal Representatives or Senators of any party who will not say, "Let the law say exactly what justice and common-sense require and the people wish."

And we shall not be surprised if the present section fourth of the Act of Confiscation is not amended to read: "The property, real and personal, of all persons who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men."

The necessity of this step may not yet plainly appear to all sincerely loyal citizens. Then until it does, or until it is substantially the public conviction, as Colonel Cochrane thinks it already is, let us remember M'Clellan's golden motto: "Forbearance, patience, confidence." The perception of the justice, the sense, and the necessity of the measure is sure to come. The permanent peace of the country and the manly honor of every citizen are sure to be saved. We have only to await the inevitable course of events, while we solicit the most searching and sincere discussion. Think how we have educated ourselves in a year! "Forbearance," says our wise young General, "patience, confidence," and all will be well.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CAUTION TO WOOL-GATHERERS.—To those English steamers who are attempting to run the blockade of South America we beg to repeat the Spanish proverb: Take care, in going in search of wool, that you do not return home fleeced.

THE PERFECTION OF NEEDLE-WORK.—It is quite a prize pattern, if a lady can "hem" a refusal without there being a single cross-stitch in it.

A BEND SINISTER.—A bow from a dun.

Flowers have their language, why not their religion? Of course it would be Buddhism.

Can a man who is charged with not having a right to a work because he has copied it, justifiably plead that he has a copyright?

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

Why does a confectioner resemble one of the West India Islands?—Because he's a jam-maker (Jamaica).

FLOWER GARDEN FOR NOVEMBER.—Now is the time for forcing. If you are not a good whist-player, the simplest plan will be to make good use of your best spade and a little art.

FANCY GARDENING.—Damp a postage-stamp and sow mustard and cress; it has a very pretty effect on a writing-desk. Plant your foot firmly somewhere ready for a good spring into your neighbor's garden—you may look for a speedy return.

KITCHEN GARDEN FOR NOVEMBER.—Dig deep into the vegetable and fruit rows to see how every thing is getting on. If not satisfied, say so. To save expense, transplant your neighbor's available shrubs to your own garden. Select good dry soil for Greek roots.

TO SAVE A PERSON FROM DROWNING.—Run to him at once. Throw your great-coat over him, roll the patient in it until quite dry, at the rate of two shillings an hour. Stamp on his hands and face to restore animation, and drink his health in several glasses of stiff brandy-and-water.

ASK BARON BRAMWELL.—When a judge retires from the bench may he be said to "lay down the law?"

CHROMATIC AMPUTATION.—We recently read a dramatic criticism which, in speaking of the omission of the music of an operetta, said that "it suffered from the injudicious application of the harmonic pruning-knife!" Harmonic pruning-knife is good; but did not the critic mean to say harmonic tuning-fork?

EASILY PLEASED.—The individual who told his physician, the other day, that he was perfectly satisfied he had consumption, is the same who, a few years ago, was transported with delight.

THE PANGS OF ABSENCE.—The French say with great truth, "The Absent are always in the wrong;" and more especially are they, when they forget to send you a Money-Order to console one for their absence.—*A Poor* PENELOPE *of a wife, abandoned by her wretch of a* ULYSSES *at the Sea-side.*

ADVICE TO BACKBITERS.—The Hunchback does not see his own hunch, but he sees clearly the hunch of another hunchback. Therefore, it is as well to know what there is at our own back before we venture to laugh behind the backs of others.

A bankrupt was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

"Johnny," said a mother to a son nine years old, "go and wash your face. I am ashamed to see you coming to dinner with so dirty a mouth." "I did wash it mamma;" and feeling his upper lip, he added, gravely, "I think it must be a mustache coming!"

A Glasgow antiquary recently visited Cathcart Castle, and asked one of the villagers "if he knew any thing of an old story about the building?" "Ay," said the rustic, "there was anither auld storey, but it fell down lang since."

Harry Turn recently married his cousin, of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his, that "one good Turn deserves another."

Every household has its pet names. Mr. Jones enchants his helpmate by calling her his "idol." Jones, however, privately spells it *i-d-l-e*. Mrs. Jones is a nice woman—an affectionate woman—but she has a constitutional aversion to working.

"Julius, was you ever in business?" "In course I vas." "What business?" "A sugar planter." "When was that, my colored friend?" "Der day I buried dat old sweet-heart of mine."

"Mr. D——, if you will get my coat done by next Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you." "It won't be done," said the tailor, "upon such terms."

Miss Tucker says it's with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

An old woman met in the street a friend whom she had not seen for a long time. "Oh, my friend!" she cried, "how are you since I saw you last? Was it you or your sister that died some months ago? I saw it in the paper." "It was my sister," replied simplicity. "We were both sick; she died, but I was the worst."

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a gentleman met a farmer of the neighborhood, and said to him, "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet." "Oh ay," said the farmer, "he is dead; but ah hev ne doubt t'wife 'll carry on t' business, and mak' it as profitable as ivver it was."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is it reasonable to suppose that tight-rope dancers are in general great favorites with the public?
Because their performance is always en-cored (on cord).

If you have a son going up for a competitive examination, why should he study the letter P?
Because it can make an ass pass (P-ass).

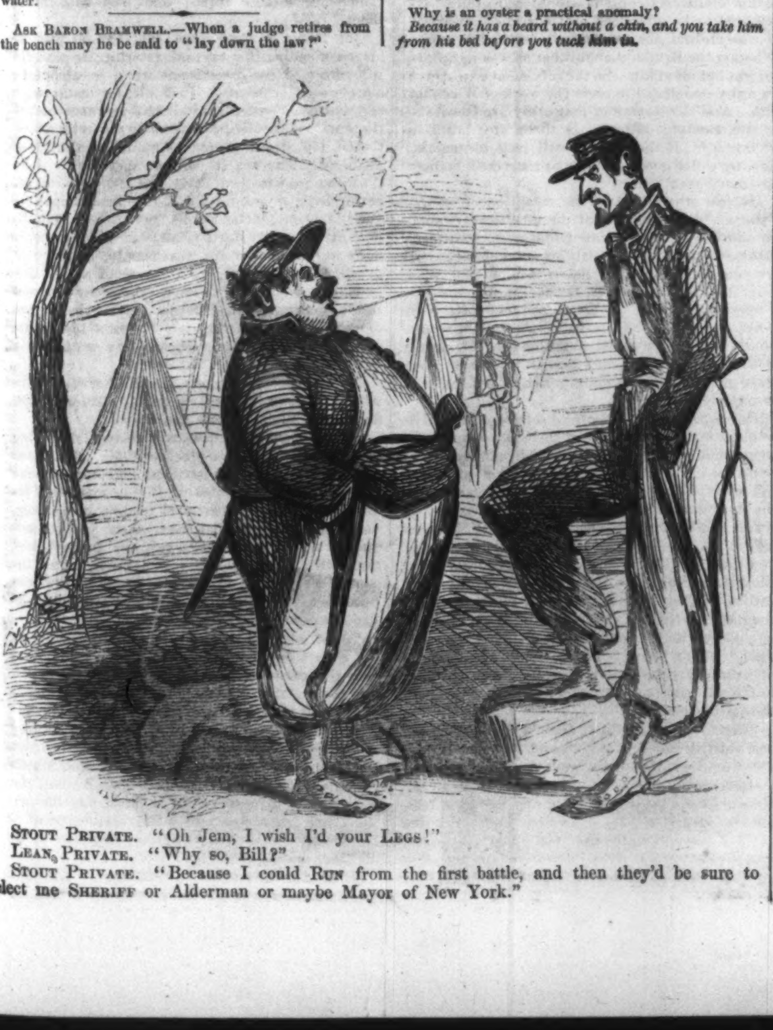
The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every race.

Letter E.

Why does a duck put its head under water?
For divers reasons (divers).

Why does he take it out?
For sundry reasons (sun dry).

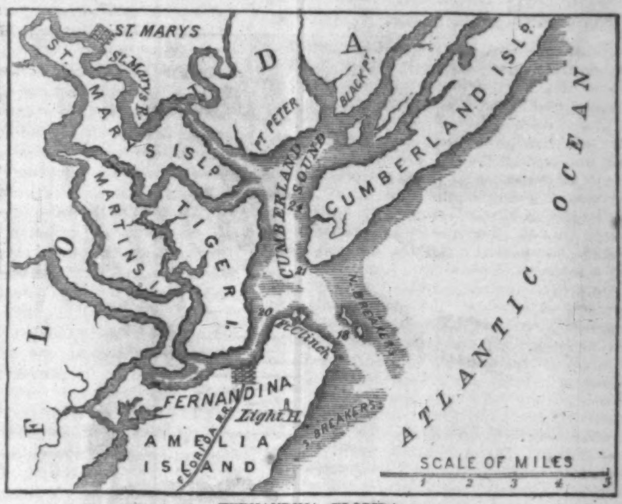
Why is an oyster a practical anomaly?
Because it has a beard without a chin, and you take him from his bed before you tuck him in.



STOUT PRIVATE. "Oh Jem, I wish I'd your LEGS!"
LEAN PRIVATE. "Why so, Bill?"
STOUT PRIVATE. "Because I could RUN from the first battle, and then they'd be sure to elect me SHERIFF or Alderman or maybe Mayor of New York."

WANTED.—A life-boat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

KEEPING THE LAW.—There was an old Quaker who had an unfortunate reputation of non-resistance. It was said that any one could jostle him, tread on his toes, or tweak his nose with impunity; until one market-day a blustering fellow, being told that yonder was a man who, if he was smitten on one cheek would turn the other also, thought it would be sport to try him. Stepping up to the sturdy, good-natured Friend, he slapped his face. The old man looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, then slowly turned his other cheek, and received another buffet. Upon that he coolly pulled off his coat. "I have cleared the law," said he, "and now thee must take it." And he gave the cowardly fellow a tremendous thrashing.



FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

Parr was severe on Scotchmen. Jerdan, in his "Reminiscences," preserves this specimen of his brutality: "I do not like Mackintosh; he is a Scotch dog. I hate Scotch dogs; they prowl like lurchers, they fawn like spaniels, they thieve like greyhounds; they're sad dogs, and they're mangy into the bargain, and they stink like pigs."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the rogue said when the rope was put round his neck.

Cooke, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving passes to a widow lady, who was once sitting in the pit with her little girl, when their friend, the performer, was about to be stabbed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh, don't kill him!—don't kill him! For if you do, he won't give us any more pit orders!"

"Husband, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"
"Yes, my dear."
"Do you, indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"
"Yes, love."
"When was it, husband?"
"When I married you, my dear."

Two Irishmen were recently looking at people stretching a rope across the street from one house-top to another, for the purpose of suspending a banner.
PAT. "Shure and what will they be after a doing at the tops of them houses there?"
MICH. "Faith an' it's a submarine telegraph they're afther putting up, I suppose."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR a full account of the Bombardment of the Forts at Port Royal, South Carolina, and the performance of the great Expedition generally, see page 762; for an account of the capture of the rebels Mason and Slidell see page 765.

PANIC AT THE SOUTH.

The panic in Savannah, consequent upon the success of our naval expedition at Beaufort, is said to be terrific. The desertion of the city was so rapid and extensive that the papers were calling upon the authorities to arrest the flight of able-bodied men under sixty years of age. Great consternation is said to exist all along the Southern coast. The people are represented as fleeing from all the towns and villages on the sea-board. A dispatch to the Richmond *Enquirer*, however, dated from Charleston on the 14th, says that General Sherman, had taken possession of Pinckney Islands.

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

Our advices from Kentucky are of the highest importance. General Albert S. Johnston, lately appointed to the command of the rebel army of the Mississippi, is reported to be advancing into the State at the head of forty thousand men, for the purpose of making a descent upon Louisville, Lexington, or perhaps Cincinnati, and General Thomas has ordered the National troops at Camp Calvert to fall back to Danville, where the National forces will concentrate to oppose the progress of the rebels. Zollicoffer is understood to have united his forces with those of Johnston, leaving only a few hundred men at Cumberland Gap, while Cumberland Ford is entirely deserted.

RISING OF UNION MEN IN TENNESSEE.

The Unionists of East Tennessee appear to be terribly in earnest in their hostility to the rebel rule which has recently been forced upon them; and their operations in cutting off the communications of the rebel armies, by destroying the railroad bridges and the telegraph lines, are creating the greatest trepidation in the rebel camps in Southern Kentucky. The long and costly bridge near Nashville, over the Cumberland River, has recently been burned, and the position of the rebel army at Bowling Green is thus rendered doubly dangerous. A dispatch from Nashville in the Norfolk *Day Book*, announces the burning of six other bridges—two on the Georgia State Road over Chicamange Creek; one on the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, over the Hiawassee River; two on the Tennessee and Georgia Railroad over Sick Creek, and one over the Holstein River. Matters in East Tennessee, the dispatch states, are in a critical condition, and "much anxiety is felt for Zollicoffer."

THE ARMY IN MISSOURI FALLING BACK.

The divisions of Generals Hunter, Pope, and Sturgis have taken the route by way of Warsaw, and those of General Siegel and Asboth, after moving a short distance south as a feint to cover the retirement of the main body, have returned to Springfield, and are to proceed to St. Louis, *via* Rolla. Springfield, it is announced, is to be entirely evacuated, and the Union men of that city and the surrounding country have already left or are preparing to leave, not caring to trust themselves again to the tender mercies of the rebels.

General Halleck arrived in St. Louis on 18th, and will immediately assume command of the Western Department.

PRICE AND M'CULLOCH GOING INTO WINTER-QUARTERS.

A dispatch from St. Louis announces positively that the rebel armies of Price and Ben M'Culloch have retreated into Arkansas, with the intention of going into winter-quarters at Fort Smith, where accommodations have been built. Before leaving Missouri they burned all the hay-stacks and corn-cribs in the vicinity, to prevent our forces from obtaining forage in case of pursuit.

FREMONT'S OFFICERS ARE SAID TO ROB THE MAILS.

The St. Louis *Evening News* states that while General Frémont's train was on its way from Springfield to that city, it was met between Warsaw and Springfield by Captain James A. Swain, of the Quarter-master's Department, with the United States mail for Springfield. One of the officers in the train of the returning General took two of the bags from Captain Swain, in spite of his protestations, cut them open and overhauled their contents. When Captain Swain remonstrated against this outrage the perpetrator threatened him with arrest. The desecrated mail bags have been brought back to St. Louis and deposited at the Post-office.

OCCUPATION OF ACCOMAC AND NORTHAMPTON COUNTIES, VIRGINIA.

General Dix has ordered 4000 of his troops from Baltimore to march into and locate themselves in Accomac and Northampton Counties, Virginia. It is said that Accomac County is loyal, and will receive the troops, but that Northampton County is disposed to resist them. General Dix has issued a most important proclamation, stating that the object of the advance of his troops is to maintain the authority of the Government, to protect the people and restore commerce to its original channel; that no one held to service under the laws of the State shall be interfered with, and that unless resistance is offered no fireside will be molested.

AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The reports from General Rosecrans in Western Virginia are very cheering. They state that General Cox's brigade crossed the Kanawha and New rivers on the 10th inst., and drove the rebels back three miles from all their positions. General Benham also had a skirmish with the rebels, and after compelling them to retreat, he followed them for twenty-five miles, and failing to come up with them, he fell back. Colonel Grogan, of the rebel cavalry, and a few others were killed. General Benham lost only two men in the engagement.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON BILLY WILSON ATTEMPTED.

The rebels recently made another attempt to capture Billy Wilson's Zouaves, on Santa Rosa Island, but their failure was even more humiliating than on the first occasion. It appears that Colonel Wilson's patrols discovered some fifteen hundred rebel troops about twenty miles from Fort Pickens, and immediately informed the commander of the National fleet, who sent a force and shelled the rebels off the island with great loss.

CAPTURE OF A FORAGING PARTY.

The only item of news from the army of the Potomac relates to the capture of a portion of a foraging party by rebel cavalry near Fall's Church. Thirty-five out of fifty of our men, including the two officers in command, were taken prisoners and carried off.

RE-ELECTION OF DAVIS AND STEPHENS.

The election for President and Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy has resulted in the almost unanimous return of Jeff Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, the present incumbents.

COTTON AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Bulletin* says there is cotton enough in that port to load all vessels that choose to run the blockade and come up to the city.

ARREST OF SENATOR GWIN AND OTHERS.

The Pacific mail steamer which arrived here last week from California brought Senator Gwin, Calhoun Benham, and another rebel as prisoners, on charge of treasonable practices. General Sumner, who was on board the steamer, made the arrests, and brought the three parties with him to this city. Gwin and Benham have since been sent to Fort Lafayette.

SHOT-PROOF VESSELS FOR THE SOUTH.

The Norfolk papers contain an advertisement from S. R. Mallory, the rebel Secretary of the Navy, asking for proposals for the construction of four sea-going iron-clad and ball-proof steam ram-ships, to carry at least four guns each.

YANCEY GIVES IT UP.

A letter from W. L. Yancey to his son in Alabama has been found on the person of a Mr. James Brown, arrested as a secessionist in Boston last week. Mr. Yancey speaks very discouragingly of the prospects of either England or France recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AUSTRIA.

AFFAIRS OF HUNGARY.

THE Emperor of Austria has addressed an autograph letter to the Chancellor of Hungary, directing a suspension of the civil offices.

MEXICO.

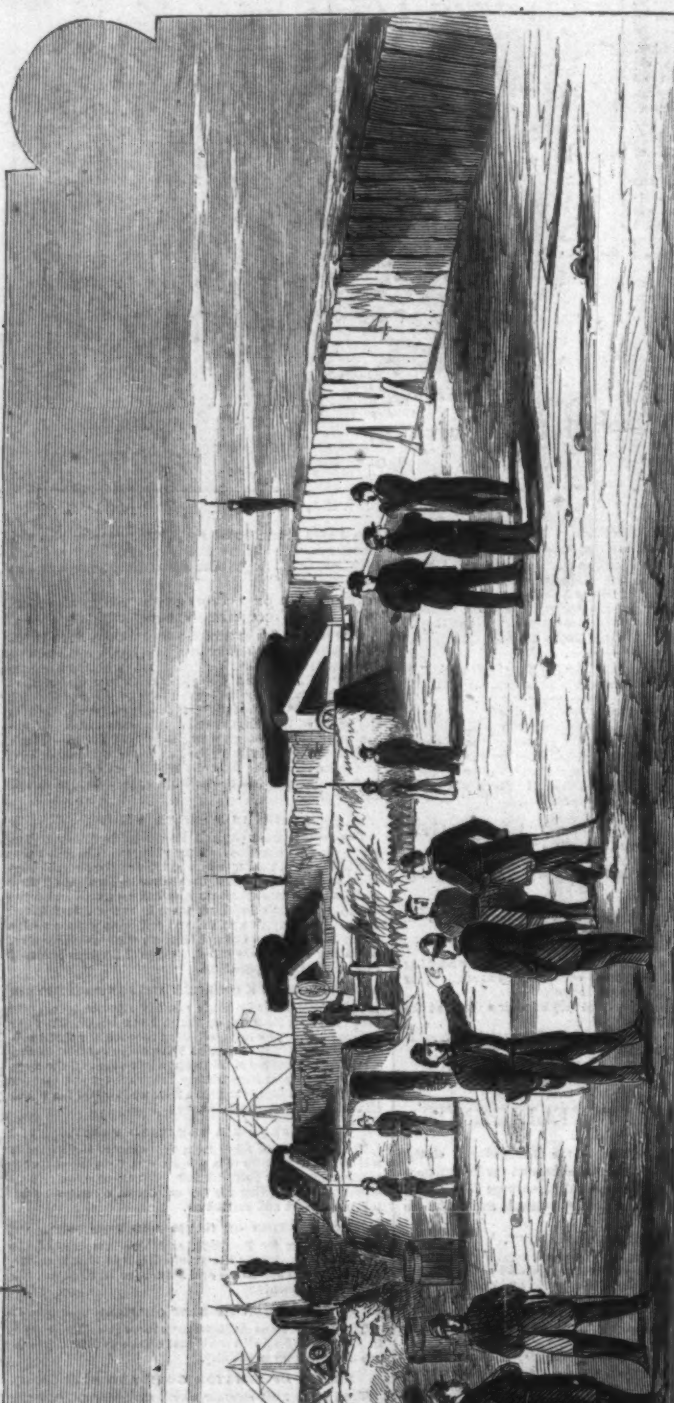
THE EUROPEAN EXPEDITION.

The Cuban Government is exerting its full power in aid of the expedition for the invasion of Mexico. The Spanish troops, to the number of 8000 men, and a number of transports, are ready to leave, and only await additional war vessels from Spain and the French contingent. The Mexicans are in a high state of excitement at the news. Threats have been made that on the firing of the first gun by the Spaniards the Mexicans will fall upon and murder every Spaniard in the country. The Spanish commander, it is said, also threatens, in case any Spaniards are injured, to lay Vera Cruz in ashes. The country is most thoroughly disorganized, and Marquez has again been defeated.

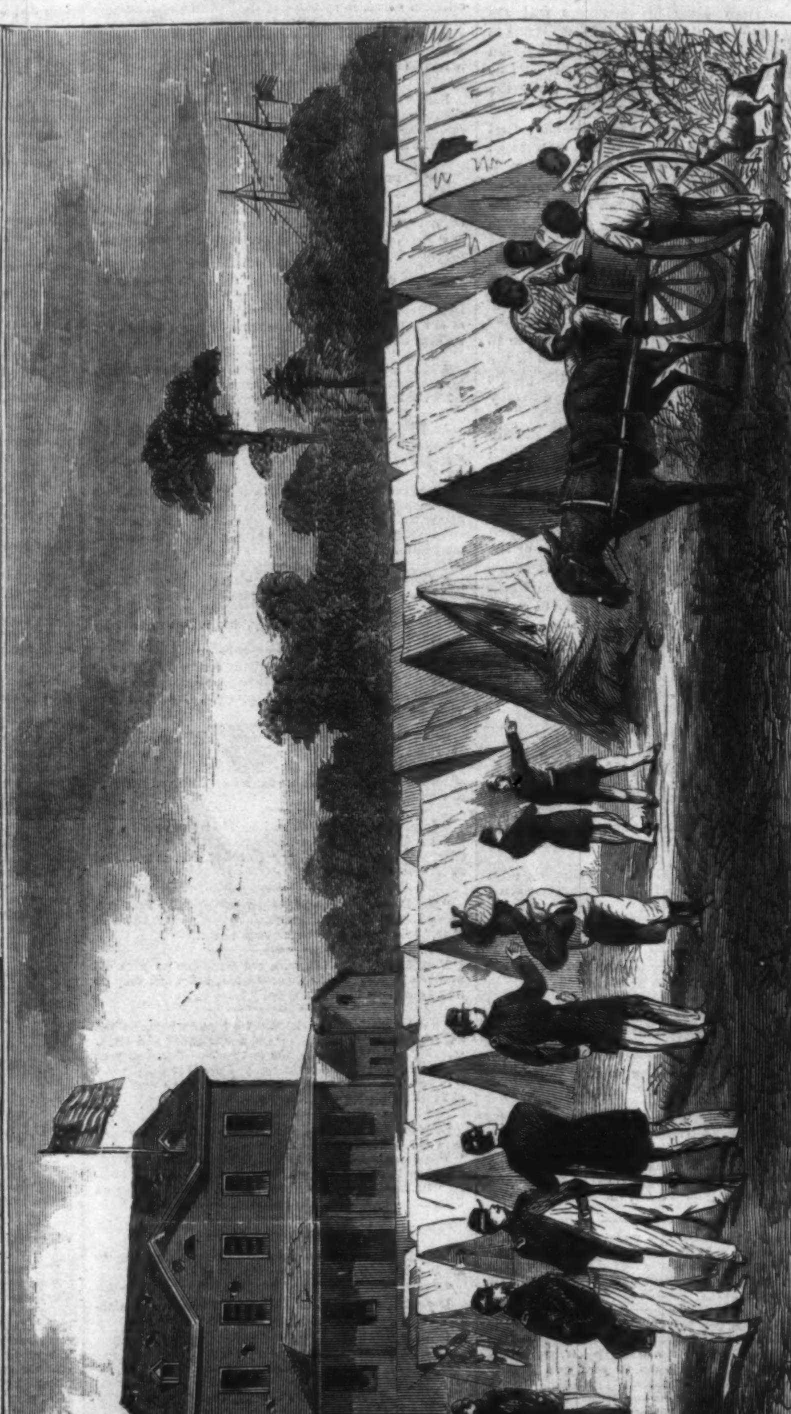
CANADA.

LOSS OF THE "NORTH BRITON."

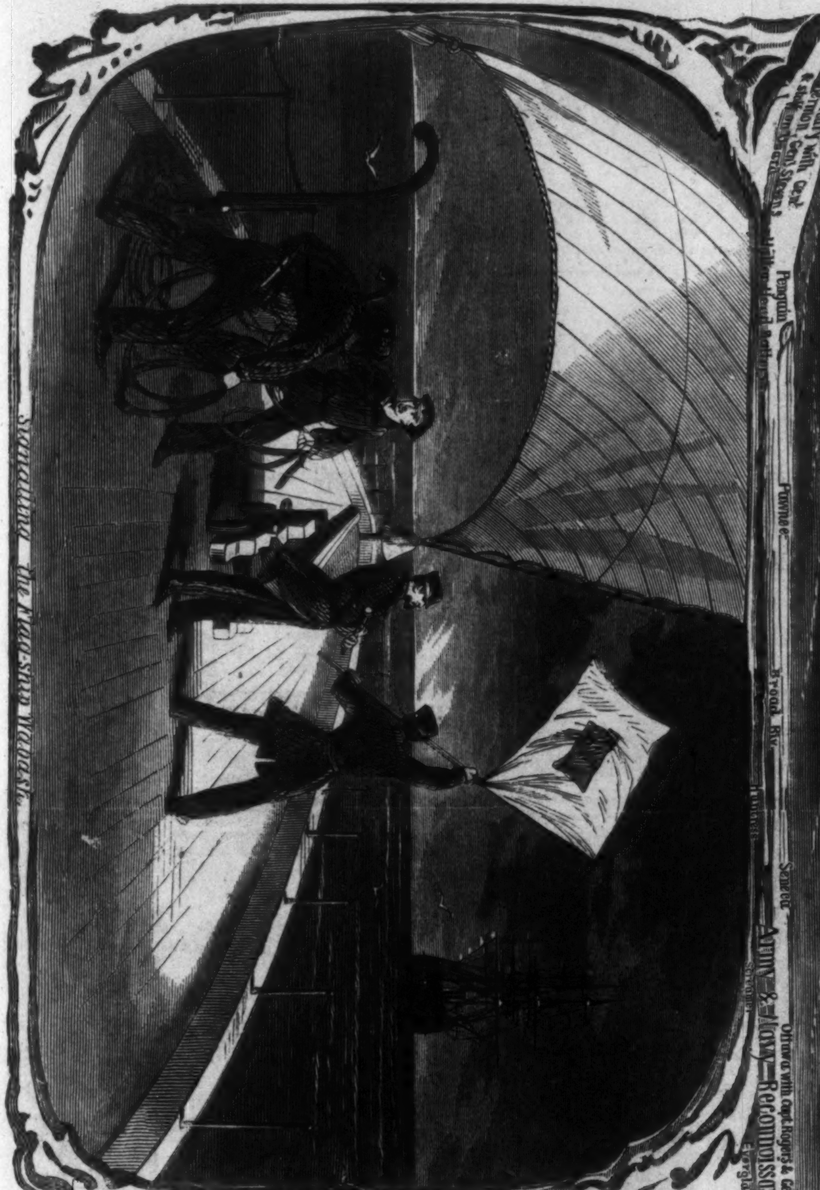
The accounts given in the Canadian papers regarding the loss of the *North Briton* are exceedingly meagre. The following is the substance of the details given: From the time that the vessel left Quebec until she ran ashore the weather was extremely rough, strong easterly gales prevailing. When the ship grounded it was pitch dark, with a strong wind blowing; and she labored so that fears were entertained that she would go to pieces every minute. The boats were got out as soon as possible, and this is all that is said concerning the wreck. Sixteen of the officers and crew were in two boats, which went adrift shortly after the *North Briton* struck. Both boats were knocked about in a fearful sea for two days, when one of them, to which the eight men on board the other had been transferred, was picked up, on the 7th instant, by the *J. G. Deshler*, a brigantine bound from Liverpool to Cleveland. This was 850 miles below Quebec. The only additional fact concerning the wreck is that the *North Briton* ran straight on the rocks at Mingan, and is grounded by the bow in twelve feet of water.



INTERIOR OF FORT WALKER

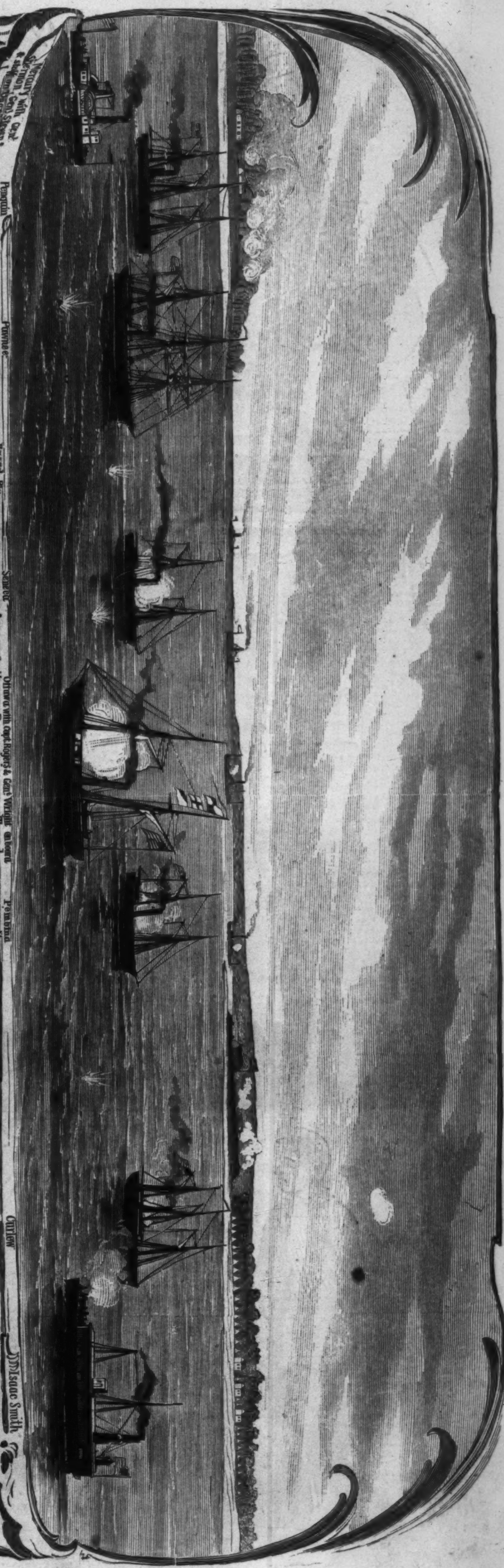


HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL WRIGHT AT FORT WALKER, HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA, FORMERLY THOSE OF GENERAL DRAYTON, OF THE REBEL ARMY.—Sketched on the Spot by our Special Artist.—[See Page 763.]



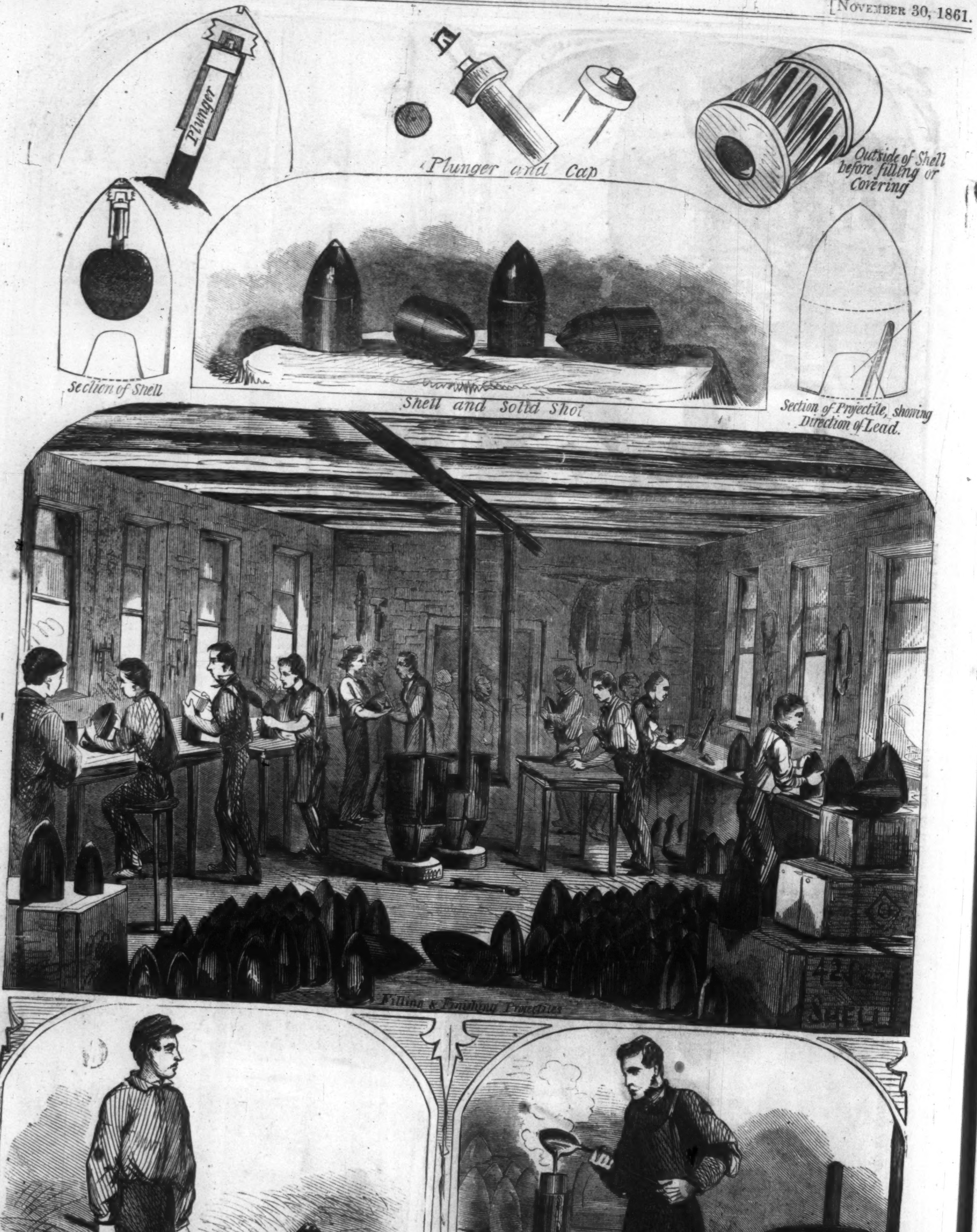
Signalling the Flag-Ship Wabash.

The Winfield Scott losing her masts in the gale of Nov 1st & 2d

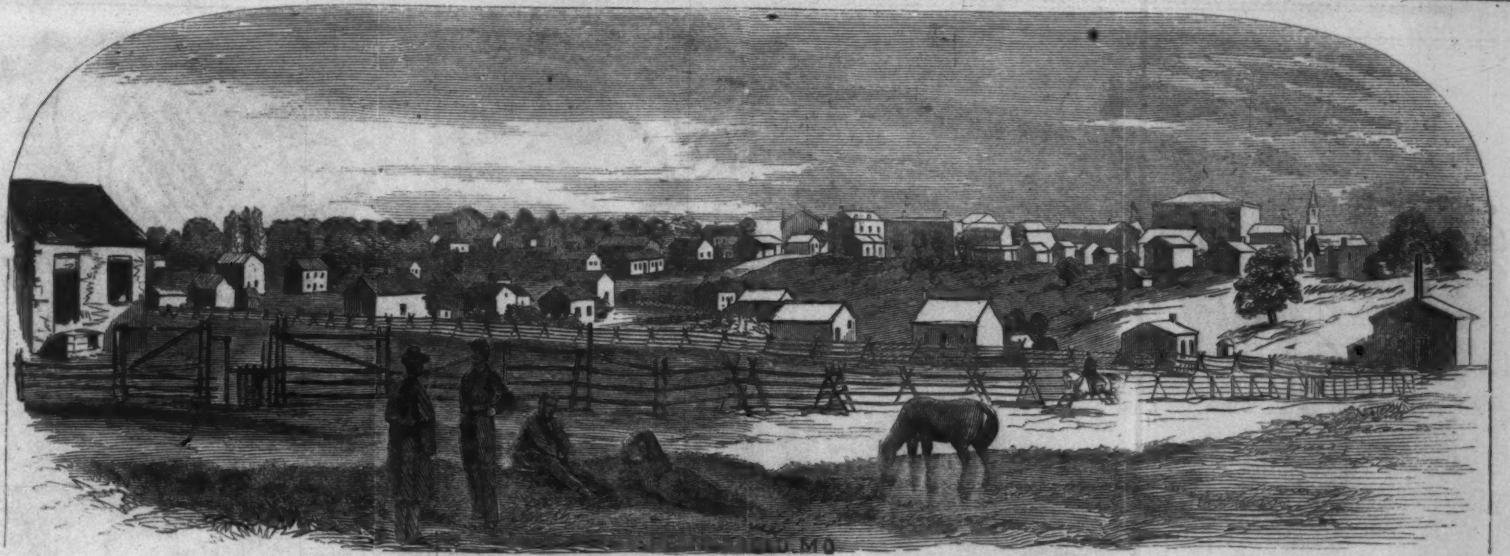


Army & Navy Reconnoissance Tuesday morning Nov. 5

THE EXPEDITION TO BEAUFORT—BEFORE THE ATTACK.—[See Page 762.]

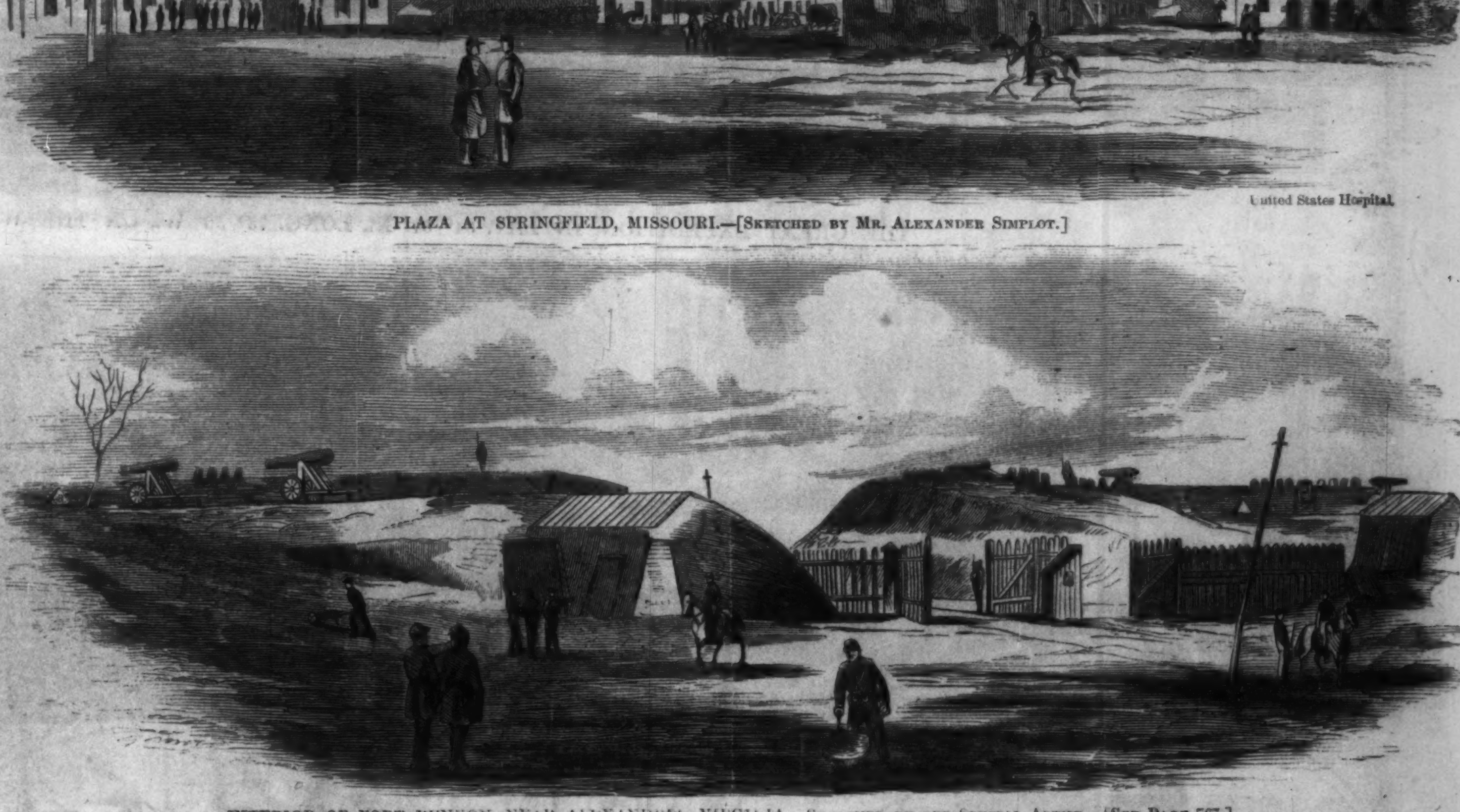


SHELLS AND THEIR MANUFACTURE.—[SEE PAGE 764.]

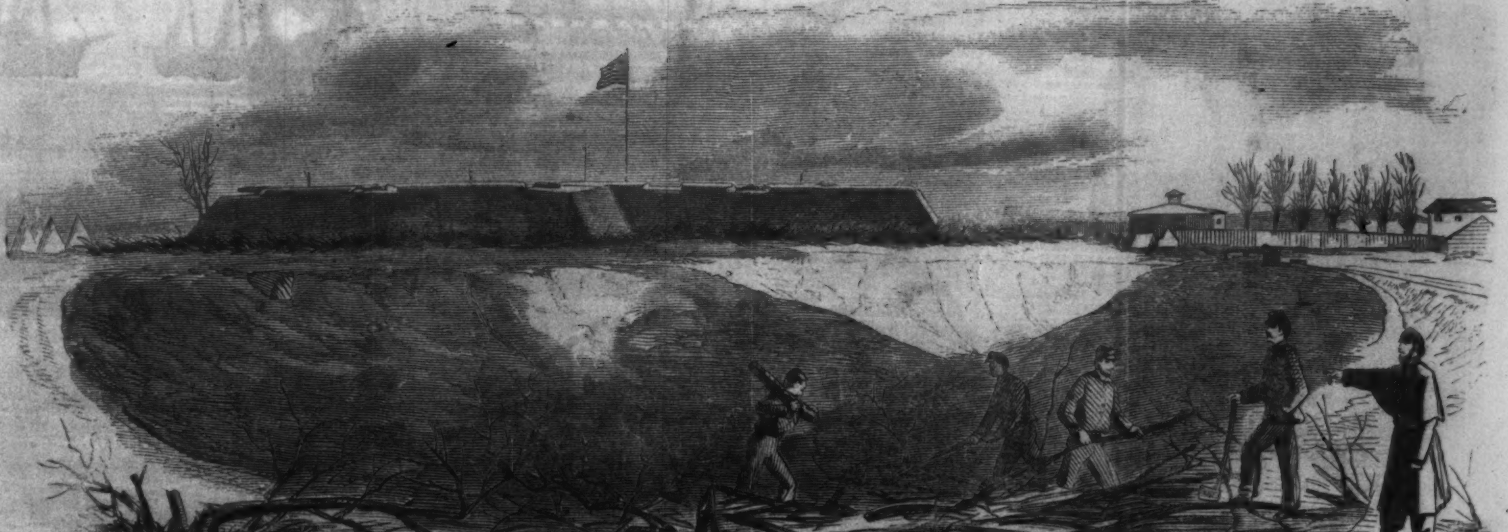


THE TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.—[Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.]

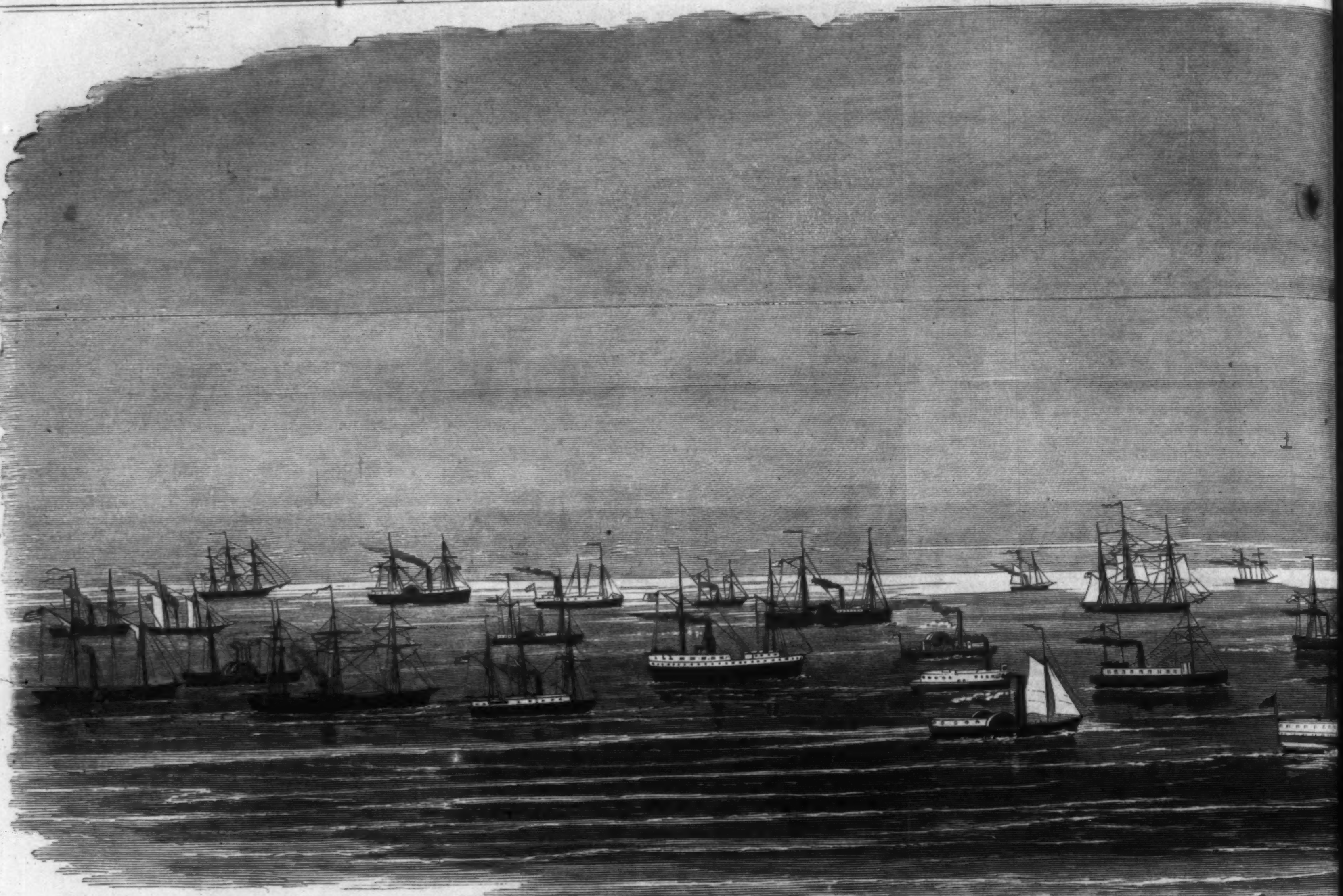
PLAZA AT SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.—[Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.]



INTERIOR OF FORT RUNYON, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 767.]



FORT ALBANY, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 767.]



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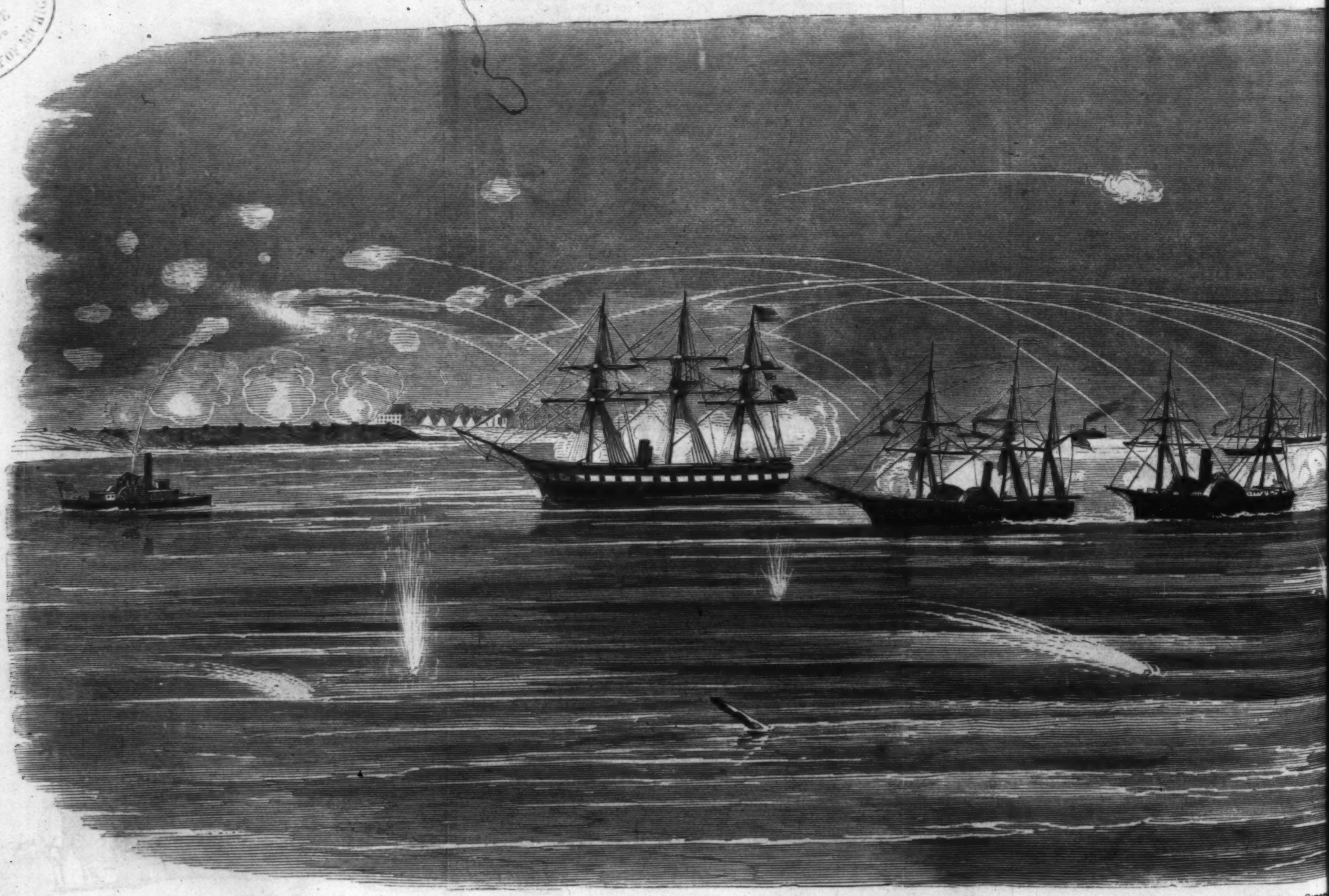
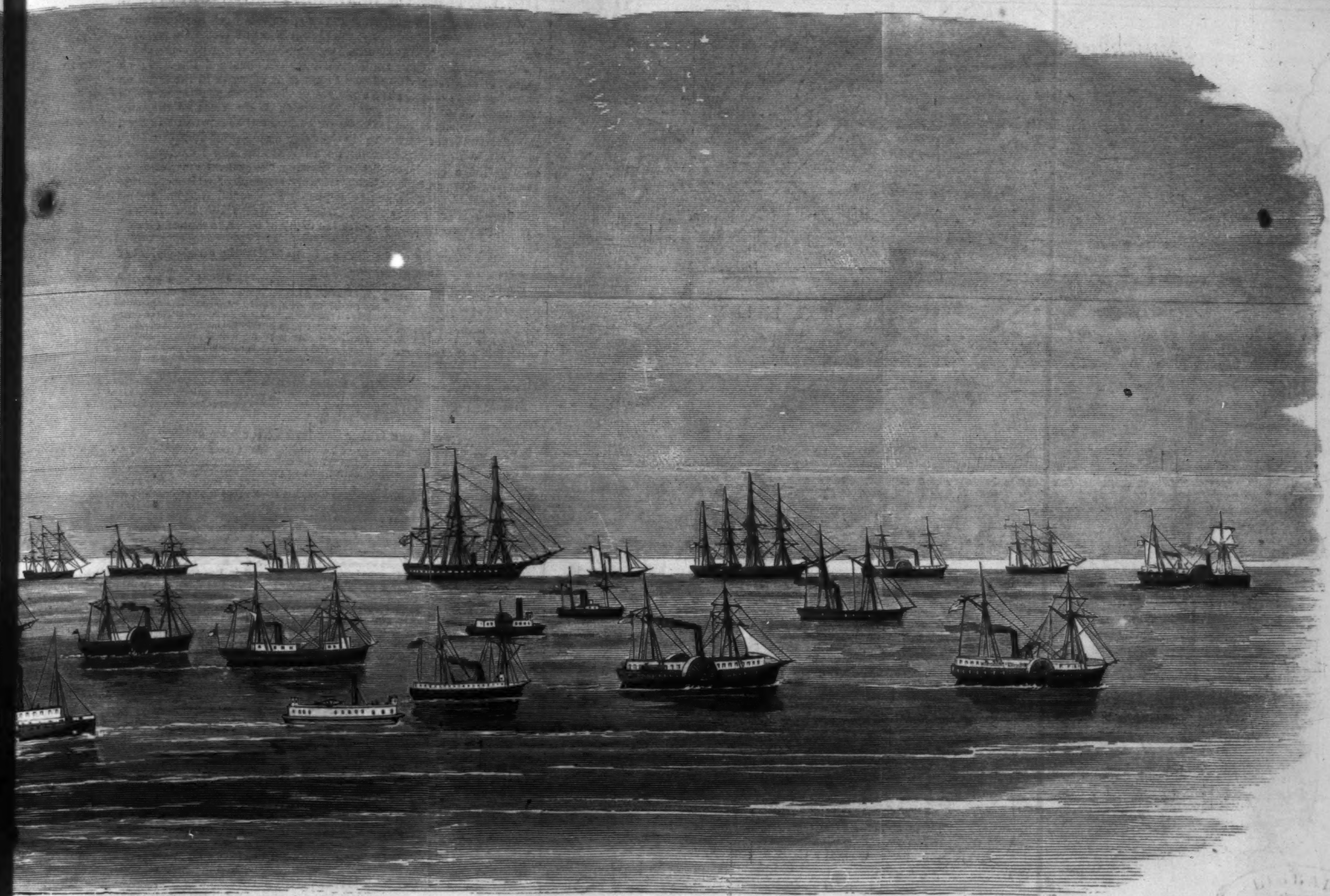
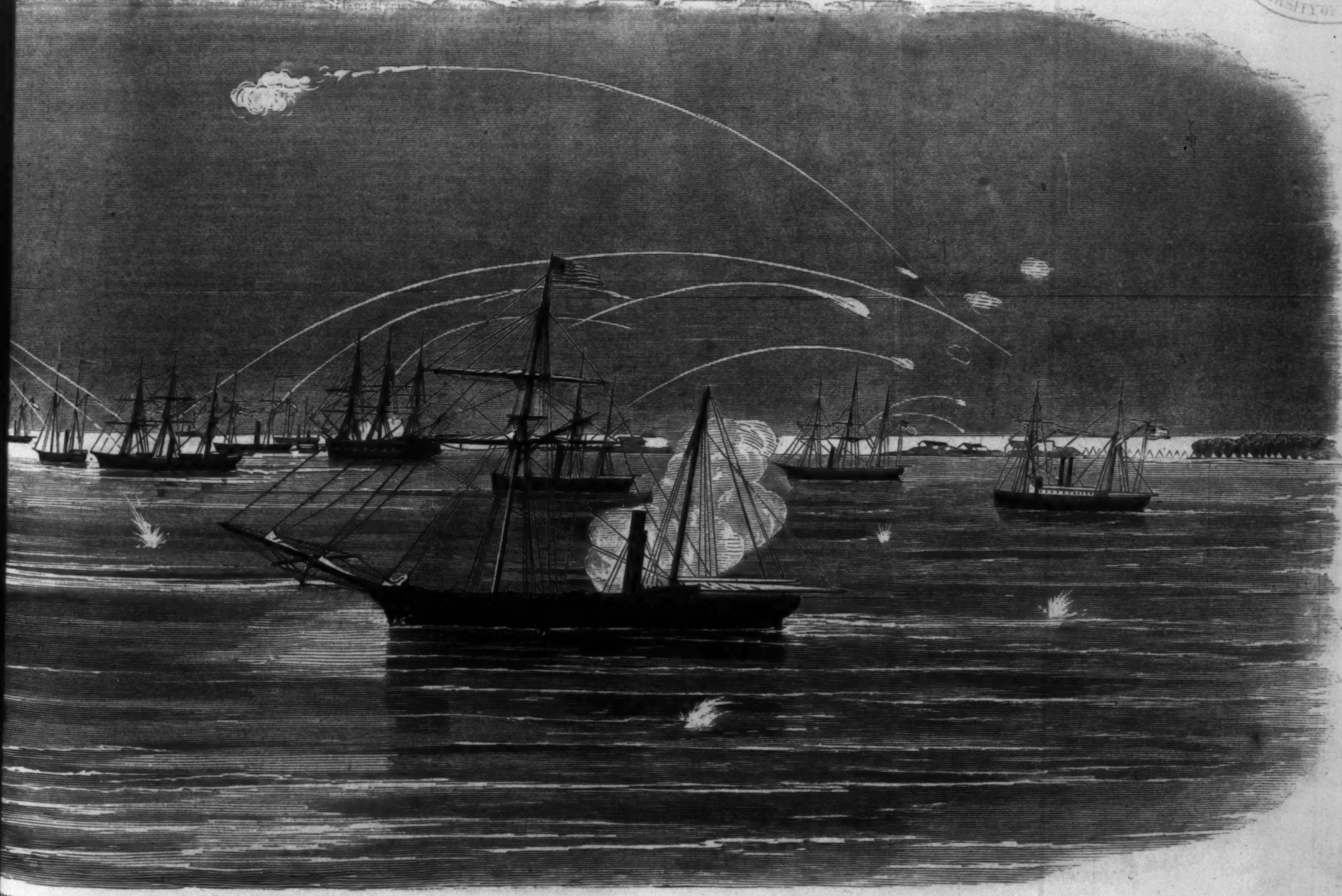
THE GREAT EXPEDITION, IN LAT. 34° 37′ N., LONG. 75° 50′ W., ON THE WAY TO PORT



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS WALKER AND BEAUREGARD, PORT ROYAL INLET, SOUTH

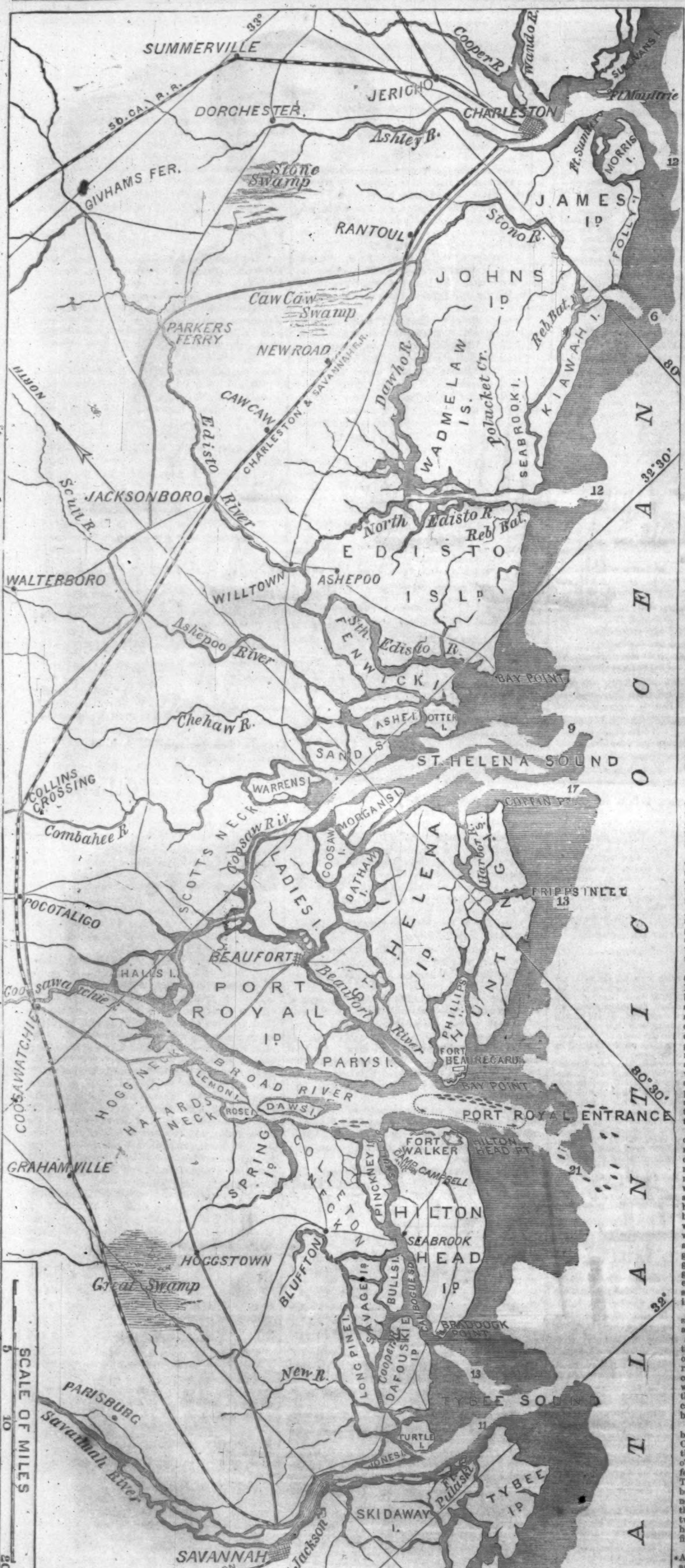


AL INLET.—[Sketched at Noon on 31st October, 1861, from the Deck of the Steamer "Matanzas."]



OLINA, NOVEMBER 7, 1861.—Sketched by our Special Artist on Board the "Mercury."—[See Page 762.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



MAP OF THE SEA-COAST OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE DEPTH OF WATER ON EACH BAR, ETC.

THE CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE devote a large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the glorious achievements of the GREAT EXPEDITION. On page 764 we give portraits of BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHERMAN, who commanded the troops, and of CAPTAIN DUPONT, who commanded the fleet; on pages 760 and 761 a view of THE FLEET as it appeared in the ocean on Thursday 31st; on page 757 a picture of THE RECONNOISSANCE which was made on the day previous to the attack on the forts; on the same page, illustrations of the METHOD OF SIGNALING adopted in the fleet, and of the "WINFIELD SCOTT" in the gale; on pages 760 and 761 a large view of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS WALKER AND BEAUREGARD; on page 756 a couple of pictures showing the general appearance of FORT WALKER, and the building occupied originally by General Drayton as his head-quarters, and subsequently by General Wright; and on this page A MAP SHOWING THE COAST OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE APPROACHES TO BEAUFORT, with the depth of water, in figures, on each bar.

Of the appearance of the fleet on 31st October the correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

The wind died out before sunrise, and the sea was as smooth as a millpond, only a gentle swell disturbing its bosom. At noon our position, by observation, was as follows: Latitude 34 degrees 37 minutes north, longitude 75 degrees 50 minutes west. Distance made sixty-eight miles, making a southwest three-quarter south coast; so that we are now about thirty miles off shore, and not yet in the latitude of Cape Lookout. The barometer is 30 degrees 3 minutes, and the thermometer at 70 degrees. Not a cloud has been seen to-day, and we have been enjoying the scene very much. The sick are much better, and those who lost their peace of mind yesterday have found it to-day, and not one vacant place was to be seen at the dinner-table. The soldiers have been exercised in rifle firing this afternoon, and have acquitted themselves finely. Most of the vessels had canvas set this morning, but as it fell away dead calm this afternoon all sails were furled, and the yards braced sharp up.

The RECONNOISSANCE is thus described by the same writer:

At five on 5th we got under way and went alongside of the flag-ship for our orders. At daylight we were ordered to take on board Brigadier Generals Sherman, Wright, and Stevens, with their staffs, and to proceed under their direction to make a thorough reconnoissance of the batteries at Hilton Head and Bay Point. We lay astern of the flag-ship until the Generals were brought to us in one of the *Atlantic*'s boats. Then we started upon our trip. The weather was beautiful, and all were in the best of spirits. We ran along as fast as possible, so as to join the firing at its earliest stages, so that we can make a careful note of positive strength, etc. On we steamed, expecting every moment the rebels would open fire on our ships; but they evidently were waiting until they should get into ranges which they had for their guns. At twenty minutes before seven o'clock the first gun was fired from the rebel flag-ship (the *Everglade*), and in less than one minute afterward the *Lady Davis* let slip a shot at the ships. In five minutes the firing became quite lively on both sides, the gun-boat *Ottawa* opening the fire on our side. The following boats took part in the skirmish: The *Ottawa*, with Flag-captain Rodgers on board; *Pembina*, *Seneca*, *Curlew*, *Penguin*, and *Isaac Smith*, the *Pawnee* coming in after the firing had well advanced. As we drew up toward the batteries the one on Hilton Head opened upon us—this being the first time we had any positive knowledge of there being any guns at that place. As we drew within range of the Bay Point battery it also opened upon us. After about twenty rounds we found the Hilton Head battery to contain sixteen guns, while the Bay Point battery had only thirteen; but just below that battery was one which was not yet completed. The gun-carriages were there, but no guns were to be seen; men were seen working there yesterday, but to-day they have gone down to fight in the main battery. After the boats had run away they sought shelter behind the point, while our boats threw in shell toward the batteries at intervals. As we were only on a reconnoissance it was not necessary for us to attempt to rout the rebels—so the recall signal was hoisted, and we prepared to anchor. Just as we were hauling off the *Pawnee* got into position and opened fire upon the Hilton Head battery; most of her shot fell short, but a rifled sixty-eight pounder threw in shell beautifully.

The rebels threw the shot around her very fast, but all fell short. As soon as we started to go back the rebel navy came down and followed us afar off. The *Curlew* fired a few rounds at the battery, and then hauled off; and the little *Mercury* ran in, showed them her stern, and let drive a shell at them from her thirty-pounder, it bursting close into the rebel camp. Thus ended the first regular army reconnoissance, in which the navy did all the work and the army did one half of the looking on.

The BOMBARDMENT itself is thus described:

Just as we had anchored, which was at five minutes before ten o'clock, the Hilton Head battery opened fire on the *Wabash;* in three minutes after another shot from the battery. Now the cheers arose from all the transports; the ball had opened. Still the ships stood on and did not apparently notice the efforts of the rebels, until the *Wabash* came in good range with the face of the battery, when she fired a shell at them which struck close to the battery. In a few minutes the *Wabash* opened a smart fire, throwing her shells into the woods, where the rebels were encamped in some force. After firing a few guns to ascertain the range, she opened a broadside fire on both batteries, which was one of the finest sights ever witnessed in this country. Now the troops did cheer. It was hearty and long. The other vessels now opened their fire, and the shells fell thick and fast into the battery. The rebel steamers now opened a smart fire, and it was the subject of general remark at the fine shots they made. The small gun-boats now steamed rapidly ahead, and opened on them with their ten and eleven inch pivot guns. At fifteen minutes past ten o'clock the fire was so hot that they up helm and started for Broad River, the gun-boats chasing them. By this time the shells were bursting in the Bay Point battery at the rate of about two a minute, to which the rebels replied with rapidity and great execution.

The flag-ship and her division were rapidly drawing up to the point around which they were to turn so that they could come down along the shore and engage the Hilton Head battery, while the small gun-boats took up independent positions, and battered away at Bay Point and the rebel naval vessels. As the *Wabash* turned, so that her broadside could bear upon the rebel fleet, she opened upon them, and soon sent them up the river for a time at least. About this time the *Vandalia* came up in range, and she delivered a splendid broadside to the Bay Point rebels, several of her shells making the sand fly inside of the works. She kept up a galling fire upon them until out of reach, when she devoted her attention to the rebel navy. During this time the *Wabash*, *Susquehanna*, and *Bienville* had come around, and were close upon the Hilton Head battery. All eyes were upon these vessels, especially as we saw plainly that they were steering so as to come within six hundred yards of the rebels guns, some of which we knew were excellent rifled pieces of the most approved patterns. We expected great doings, and I will guarantee that we were not disappointed, as the sequel will show. On they came, a little world in themselves, but the flag-ship seemed to be the one on which all placed their hopes for a grand sight.

At about twenty minutes before eleven o'clock the *Wabash* commenced operations on the Hilton Head battery in good earnest, delivering a broadside at one command. All her gun-deck armament is nine-inch shell guns, while on her spar-deck they are eight-inch shell guns, with a ten-inch pivot aft and a sixty-eight rifled Dahlgren gun on the forecastle. If you can imagine the scene you can do more than I can describe. The noise was terrific, while the bursting of the shells was as terrible as it was destructive. I counted no less than forty shells bursting at one time, and that right in the battery and in the woods where about eight hundred rebels lay. In addition to this the *Susquehanna*, with her tremendous battery, aided by the *Bienville*, the *Pawnee*, and half a dozen smaller gun-boats, was making the air brown with the sand, while the blue smoke of the explosion went to make up a most magnificent sight. The troops were wild with enthusiasm, and with deafening cheers they applauded the boldness and courage of the gallant naval officer. A moment or two elapsed—just time enough to load the guns—and again the scene was enacted afresh. The rebels replied with seven guns, which were worked splendidly, and from appearances they did considerable execution. After the second broadside the firing became less concerted, and it seemed as if each division on all the vessels were endeavoring to outvie each other in the rapidity with which they worked their guns.

The tide drifted the vessels quite fast by the battery, but they backed them considerably, so as to remain as long as possible; and at eleven o'clock they had reached as near to the reef as it was safe to go, and they were obliged to haul off to again ake up their position, but giving them another broadside as they turned. To do this a track, circular in form, and extending nearly five miles, must be sailed over. The Bay Point battery must again be passed, where there were several fine rifled cannon, which were well served; and the navy of the Confederates must receive their due share of the shells which were destined to be expended on this day's work. To this duty they undauntedly steamed up, while the little gun-boats fought the steamers. About this time the firing on both sides materially diminished. Occasionally the rebels fired from either battery, which was replied to by the gun-boats.

At half past eleven the *Wabash* and her consorts drew near to the Hilton Head battery again, the rebels keeping up a brisk fire upon them as they approached. Occasionally the pivot guns of the *Wabash* and the *Susquehanna* threw a shell into the battery: but the grand affair was yet to come. At ten minutes before twelve o'clock again the ships were enveloped in a dense cloud of white smoke, and in a few seconds after the shells were bursting into the battery in a splendid manner. The sand was flying in every direction, and it seemed impossible that any one could be saved from death who was within the walls of the battery. Such a sight was never witnessed before. The rebels now worked only two guns, but I will give them the credit of working them beautifully. This style of fighting lasted just twenty minutes, and in that time over two hundred shells had burst over their heads and in the works. At ten minutes past twelve again the ships hauled off, firing a parting round as they left.

Bay Point battery ceased firing about noon, and hauled down the barred rag. At twenty minutes past twelve the Bay Point battery opened fire on the *Wabash* as she passed up to take her position. Five minutes afterward the gun-boats opened a terrible volley of shells on Hilton Head, breaching it in several places, and dismounting one of the guns. This display of gunnery was a grand sight, and was only second to the broadside firing of the other ships. The gun-boats kept up this kind of work several minutes, when they eased down and fired at intervals, so that

there was a shell striking about once in a minute. At this time the *Pocahontas*, which had towed a transport ship in, let her go, and came up to join in the sport—sport for us, but death to them. At half past twelve o'clock the little gun-boat *Mercury*, Acting Master S. G. Martin, came up close to us and stood right in toward the battery, and after taking a position she opened fire with her thirty-pounder Parrott gun, throwing in shell with great precision. Her conduct was brilliant in the extreme, and attracted the attention of the entire fleet.

The rebel battery is badly damaged, and the houses and tents bear the marks of shells, and it looks as if there was a stampede in the rebel camp. At five minutes of two o'clock the *Wabash* and her consorts are in position to advance; but they remain quiet and let the gun-boats pepper away at the battery, which only replies with one gun, which looks as if they were only firing so as to deceive us while they embark their forces. At two o'clock we weigh anchor, and go still closer in, feeling assured that they have become pretty well used up, and will not or can not injure us.

The transports now launch their surf-boats, nearly one hundred in number, and place the crews in them, all ready to commence disembarking the troops. At half past two o'clock the *Wabash* came down and fired one gun, and, to our surprise, there was no reply to it, although she waited for some moments. Signals were now made to the vessels, and the firing ceased entirely. The ships got in order, and, to our surprise, prepared to anchor.

At twenty minutes of three o'clock a boat—the whale-boat of the *Wabash*—was manned, and, with a white flag flying over the bow and Commander John Rodgers in the stern, started for the shore. I can assure you that every stroke of the oars was watched by thousands of anxious people. She strikes the beach. Captain Rodgers, borne on the backs of true and trusty tars, with the Stars and Stripes floating over his head and a large ensign, goes on shore, and at three o'clock precisely the Stars and Stripes wave in triumph over South Carolina soil and a deserted rebel battery. A glorious and brilliant naval victory has been won. All honor to the gallant seamen of the United States Navy!

With regard to FORT WALKER he says:

The armament of the work, which was of the latest patterns, was as follows: Thirteen 32-pounders, two siege 12-inch guns, two rifled 8-inch, one 10-inch Columbiad, two carronades, and one 8-inch Columbiad. Three of them had been dismounted, but were uninjured, and can readily be mounted on new carriages. In the magazines an immense quantity of shot, shell, powder, fixed ammunition, etc., were found.

The enemy left Fort Walker so hurriedly that their private effects—indeed, every thing—were wholly abandoned, and we found every thing just as they left them. Dinner tables were set, and good food ready for the hungry fighters, and all left to us. The amount of stuff found was astonishing, and all was taken possession of by our forces, and, with the exception of a few articles taken as mementos of the occasion, every thing is safe. Quite a number of elegant swords and pistols, saddles, etc., were found, and distributed among the deserving.

The effects of our fire were to be seen on every hand in the work. On the line along the front three guns were dismounted by the enfilading fire of our ships. One carriage had been struck by a large shell and shivered to pieces, dismounting the heavy gun mounted upon it, and sending the splinters flying in all directions with terrific force. Between the gun and the foot of the parapet was a large pool of blood, mingled with brains, fragments of skull, and pieces of flesh, evidently from the face, as portions of whiskers still clung to it. This shot must have done horrible execution, as other portions of human beings were found all about it. Another carriage to the right was broken to pieces, and the guns on the water fronts were rendered useless by the enfilading fire from the gun-boats on the left flank. Their scorching fire of shell, which swept with resistless fury and deadly effect across this long water pond, where the enemy had placed their heaviest metal, *en barbette*, without taking the precaution to place traverses between the guns, did as much as any thing to drive the rebels from their works, in the hurried manner I have before described. The works were plowed up by the shot and shell so badly as to make immediate repairs necessary.

All the houses and many of the tents about the work were perforated and torn by flying shell, and hardly a light of glass could be found intact, in any building where a shell exploded. The trees in the vicinity of the object of our fire showed marks of heavy visitations. Every thing, indeed, bore the marks of ruin. No wonder, then, that the rebels beat a hasty retreat. I can, and do, cheerfully bear testimony to the gallant and courageous manner in which the rebels maintained their position under a hot fire, and fought at their guns when many would have fled.

Their loss in killed and wounded must have been heavy. About fifteen have been buried to-day by the marines; two or three of their wounded were found, the remainder are undoubtedly carried with the retreating forces.

Of the METHOD OF SIGNALING our artist writes:

STEAMSHIP "ORIENTAL," OFF PORT ROYAL, *November* 11, 1861.

I send you inclosed a sketch of Signal Officer Lieutenant Howard in the act of communicating with the frigate *Wabash*. In the day time signals are made by means of a flag, either a white ground and crimson centre, or a black ground and white centre. In the night torches are used, protected from the wind by a peculiar arrangement of strips of copper, resembling the fingers of a man's hand. To each signal officer there are attached two sergeants who make the motions with the signal apparatus, the officer directing. The officers are equipped at the expense of the United States, drawing field-glasses (night and day), telescopes, horses, and various other things. I send this with other sketches at the earliest opportunity. The entrance to Port Royal is in the middle of the picture.

Of GENERAL WRIGHT'S HEAD-QUARTERS he says:

HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA, *November* 8, 1861.

I send you herewith a sketch of the head-quarters of General Wright, with its surroundings, which, as you see, is a picturesque as well as an interesting subject. This old house, formerly the mansion of a planter named William Pope, was, on the occupation of this place by the rebels, immediately confiscated, and used as the head-quarters of the General-commanding, Drayton. During the bombardment the building was the recipient of a number of iron favors from the big guns of our little gun-boats. After the helter-skelter retreat of the chivalry it was occupied by General Wright. The small buildings surrounding it, formerly used as negro-quarters, were found filled with commissary stores of all descriptions, the encampment in front and around it being that of the Ninth South Carolina Regiment, commanded by Colonel William Hayward, a brother-in-law of Hon. Francis B. Cutting, of New York. It is now occupied by the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers. It will be perceived by my sketch that "contrabands" have already begun to make their appearance, and as evening closed many dark objects were visible, and the cry is still they come. Their delight is unbounded at the prospect of future freedom, and their method of expressing it ludicrous.

The following brief biographical sketches will introduce THE MILITARY AND NAVAL COMMANDERS to our readers:

Acting Major-General Thomas W. Sherman—in charge of the land force of the expedition—was born in Rhode Island, graduated at the West Point Military Academy in 1836, standing number eighteen in a class of forty-six cadets—an unusually large proportion—and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Third United States Artillery in July, 1836. In March, 1837, he became Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, and in the same month of the following year was promoted to a first lieutenancy. Just at the breaking out of the troubles with Mexico he was promoted to a captaincy, his commission bearing date May 28, 1846. He served with distinction previously in the Florida wars, and accompanied General Taylor to Mexico, rendering himself conspicuous for the zeal and efficiency with which he performed his duty. He was breveted Major for his gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. Since the close of the Mexican war he has been on duty in various parts of the country, always rendering efficient service. In August, 1857, while on duty at the Minnesota agency, in the Indian country, he was distinguished for the prudence and firmness with which he acted in averting a war with the Mississippi tribes of the Sioux. On the formation of the Fifth Artillery he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, a portion of which was engaged in the Bull Run fight, under the name of Sherman's, and subsequently Ayres's battery. He was made a Brigadier-General May 17, 1861.

Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, the commander of the naval forces of the expedition, is a native of the State of Delaware, and received his appointment into the navy from that State. His original entry into the service of his country was on the 19th of December, 1815; he has been, therefore, nearly forty-six years in the service, and his forty-sixth anniversary has won more glory and raised him higher in the estimation of the people, both at home and abroad, than all previous ones. Up to the present time Commodore Dupont has spent nearly twenty-two years on sea, eight and a half years in active duty on shore, and the balance of his time has been unemployed. His present commission bears date September 14, 1855. He was last at sea in May, 1859, and since that time he has been commandant of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, where his kindness of manner, together with his strict discipline, won for him many friends.

Commodore Dupont is a man a little past what is usually termed the prime of life, although possessed of all the vigor, bodily strength, and ambition that usually characterize younger men. In his personal appearance the Commodore is a person that would at once attract attention.

The following letter, published in the *Herald*, will show how narrow an escape the "WINFIELD SCOTT" had of being lost on the way to Port Royal:

The gale commenced on Friday west of Cape Fear, blowing hard; at three o'clock P.M., the ship laboring hard, saw steamboat *Governor*, with flag of distress at mast-head; could not go to her assistance; had to keep the vessel's head to the sea. At five o'clock, the gale still increasing, and the ship laboring very hard. Up to ten o'clock the sea was running higher than the vessel; every sea that struck her seemed to twist her like a piece of whalebone. Thunder and lightning and pitch dark up to five o'clock. Captain Edie was on deck all the time, giving orders to the men at the wheel. At one o'clock Saturday morning, five feet of water in the hold. The soldiers' provisions in the after-hold and camp equipage floating about in one mass. He then commenced to throw overboard all their stores and cargo to lighten the ship, in which work sailors, soldiers, and every person that could stand lent their aid. The ship's pumps were stopped by the floating rubbish. At half past four A.M. made signals of distress. At half past six A.M. spoke gun-boat *Bienville* and told them we were leaking, and wanted them to stand by us in case we went down. At half past eleven A.M. made fast to her by a hawser, and lowered a boat with boat's crew, three disabled men and one lady, and got them on board all safe. The boat then got stove alongside the *Bienville*. She then sent us another boat, on board of which some of our crew went, including the Chief Engineer, Sabin—the first man on board to desert his post, which example was followed by many of the crew. Then the *Bienville's* boat also got stove, after landing them on board. She then parted the hawser, and came alongside of us with a plunge. On account of the heavy sea she could not stay there, when some twenty men jumped on board. Both the ships were slightly damaged by coming together. About half past three P.M. she came alongside again, and struck and took off four men, one of them being the carpenter. She then lowered another boat with a crew, and came alongside, and made three trips, carrying ten or twelve persons each time from the *Winfield Scott*. The leak was then gaining on us—six feet of water in the hold on account of the soldiers stopping bailing to get on board the *Bienville*—it being previously reported to Captain Edie that the forward hold was full of water. Then the First Assistant Engineer came on deck, and reported water in the engine-room to such an amount that the fires would not burn half an hour longer. The Captain, seeing that it was getting late, and finding that he could not get all the soldiers off before night, then sent the purser, Mr. Patterson, on board the *Bienville* to ask the Captain to come alongside again; but after waiting some time for the *Bienville* to come alongside he made up his mind to try and get into smooth water, which he was advised to do by all the officers of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment, who were on board, they promising him to keep the ship afloat by bailing for at least eight hours. He then steamed away from the *Bienville* at about six miles an hour. About one o'clock Sunday morning, 3d, got into smooth water; the wind lowered by daylight. At eight A.M. all the water out of the ship, steam pumps at work. At eleven A.M. made the land off Port Royal and cast anchor in the bay, all hands in good spirits.

With regard to the MAP of the coast of South Carolina, its author says:

The Map on page 762 is made from the charts of the United States Coast Survey and other good authorities, and represents clearly the region of South Carolina which produces rice and sea-island cotton, also the important position gained by the Federal Government. It will be seen that Port Royal harbor is nearly midway between Charleston and Savannah, and that both the land and water communications between these two cities are commanded by the force holding possession of the Broad River.

On this map the depth of water less than three fathoms or 18 feet is tinted, and thereby the approaches of the harbors can be distinctly understood. It will be seen that this tint forms a bar to each harbor except that of Port Royal. The depth of water in feet is given in figures on each bar. The circuit which our fleet made in their attack on Forts Walker and Beauregard is also shown. After a reconnoissance made by a captain of the engineer department, a site for a battery at Seabrook was fixed upon. Here five heavy guns will command Skull Creek, which is the only passage of deep water from Broad River to Savannah.

On good maps and charts Bay Point is the name given to the southern point of Edisto Island. However, as in our dispatches this name is often given to the south end of Philip's Island, the position of Fort Beauregard, the name is here given on our map.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I HAD come back, after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, to linger for a brief time amidst the old places made sacred to memory by childhood and youth. How familiar, and yet how changed in its familiarity was every thing!—every thing but the living who remained; and they were few, for death had been there as every where. I asked for this one and that one, as the thought of boyish friends came trooping back upon me, and the answer, "Dead," came so frequently that I felt as if a pestilence must have been there.

"What of Payson?" said I.

"Oh, he's all right," was the cheerful answer of the old friend with whom I was conversing.

"How all right?" I inquired.

My friend pointed to an elegant house standing in the midst of ornamental grounds that were adorned with fountains and statuary.

"He lives there," said he.

I remembered him as a young man of small means, but industrious and saving. We had been tolerably intimate, and I had liked him for his amiability, intelligence, and cheerful temper.

"Then he has become a rich man?"

"Yes, he is our wealthiest townsman; one of the most successful men in this region of country."

"Did he build that house?"

"Yes, and its style shows how well his taste is cultivated. We feel naturally proud of Mr. Payson."

"Then he is liberal as a citizen, using his wealth in enterprises that look to the common good?"

"Oh, as to that," was replied, "he is like other men."

"How like other men?"

"Thinks more of himself than he does of other people."

"And what of Melleville?" I asked.

"Henry Melleville?"

"Yes."

There was a change in my companion's countenance and manner that did not foreshadow a good report. He shook his head as he replied:

"Poor Melleville stands about where you left him; never has succeeded well in any thing."

"I am grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends I valued him most."

"It is too true; and I am sorry for it. That is his house." And he pointed to a plain white cottage, standing not far from the splendid residence of Mr. Payson, which made it look poor and almost mean in contrast.

"Strange diversity of fortune!" I said, speaking partly to myself. "Taking the two men as I now recall them, Melleville most deserved success."

"He was an excellent young man," was replied to this; "but lacked force of character, I suppose, or some other element of success. What, I don't really know, for I have not been very intimate with him for some years. He is peculiar in some things, and don't have a great many warm friends."

"Not so many as Mr. Payson, I presume."

"Oh no! Of course not."

I was surprised at this intelligence. Of the two men, I carried in my mind by far the pleasantest recollections of Melleville, and was prepared to hear of his success in life beyond that of almost every other one I had left in my native place.

"What of Henry Melleville?" I asked of another.

"Oh, he's a stick in the mud," was answered coarsely, and with an indifferent toss of the head.

"I am sorry that my old friend Henry Melleville has made out so poorly," said I, speaking of him in a third direction. "What is the cause of it?"

"The causes of success or failure in life are deeply hidden," was the answer I received. "Some men profess to be gifted with a clear sight in these matters; but I own to being in the dark. There isn't an honester or more industrious man in the world than Melleville, and yet he don't get along. Five or six years ago he seemed to be doing very well, better than usual, when his shop burned down, and he lost not only valuable tools, but a considerable amount of stock, finished and unfinished."

"Had he no insurance?"

"Yes, but it was only partial; just enough to get him going again. Ten years ago he had a mill, and was doing, he told me, very well, when a spring freshet carried away the dam and water-wheel. He had only rented the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in a lawsuit about this very property, no repairs were attempted, and he was forced to abandon a business that looked very promising. And so it has been with him all along. There ever comes some pull back just as he gets fairly on the road to success."

"How does he bear his misfortunes?" I inquired.

"I never heard him complain."

"It has been different with Mr. Payson."

"O dear, yes; his whole life has been marked with successes. Whatever he touches turns to gold."

The testimony in regard to the two men agreed in the general. One had succeeded in life, the other had not. I felt interest enough in both of them to get a nearer point of view, and so, in virtue of old acquaintanceship, called to see them. My first visit was to Mr. Payson. Was it because, like the rest of the world, I was more strongly attracted by the successful man? Have it so, if you will: human nature is weak.

"Will you send up your name?" said the servant, who showed me into a rather stylishly-furnished office, where it was plain, from the display of books and papers, that Mr. Payson met his visitors who came on business.

I gave my name, and then waited for nearly five minutes before the gentleman appeared. I saw, the instant my eyes rested on his face, that he was in some unpleasant doubt as to the purpose of my visit.

"Mr. Payson," said I, warmly, as I arose and extended my hand.

He pronounced my name, but in a tone guiltless of pleasure or cordiality. The earnest pressure of my hand received no appreciative return. His fingers lay in mine like the senseless fingers of a sleeper. I was chilled by his manner, and felt like retiring without another word. But having approached him, I was not willing to recede without reading him with some care.

"It is twenty-five years since we met," said I, after resuming the seat from which I had arisen. "Time works great changes in all of us."

"So long as that," he responded, without interest.

"Yes, it is twenty-five years since I went from the home-nest out into the world, an ardent, hopeful young man."

"And how has the world used you?" He did not look at me in direct aspect, but with a slightly angular range of vision, as if there were a selfish suspicion in his mind touching the object of my visit.

"I have no complaint to make against the world," said I.

"You are a *rara avis*, then," he replied, with the ghost of a smile; "the first man I have met in a decade who didn't rail at the world for treating him badly."

"Has it treated you badly?" I could not help smiling back into his face as I asked this question.

"Yes; or, at least, the people in it. The world is well enough, I suppose; but the people! Oh dear! Every other man you meet has some design on you."

"Your experience has been more unfavorable than mine," said I.

"Then you are fortunate—that is all I have to say."

I had been reading the face of this friend of my younger days attentively from the moment he came in. He looked older by forty years, instead of by twenty-five. But time had not improved his face, as it does some faces. Every feature remained; I would have known him among a thousand; but every feature was changed in its stronger or feebler development. All that expressed kindness, humanity, and good-will had nearly died out; while hard selfishness looked at you from every lineament.

"You have been fortunate," I remarked, "as to this world's goods. Your garner is filled with the land's fatness."

The reference did not seem wholly agreeable.

"When I went from this neighborhood you were a poor young man. I return, and find that you have heaped up wealth in rich abundance. Only the few are successful in your degree."

"Money isn't happiness," he replied, his hard, heavy forehead contracting.

"No; but it may be made the minister of happiness," I said, in return.

"Yes, I know. That's the common talk of the day." He answered in a kind of a growl. "I find it the minister of evil."

"You surprise me. Rich men are not wont to speak after this fashion."

"Then they don't speak from their hearts, as I do."

"You have health and a beautiful home. These are elements of happiness."

He shut his lips tightly and shook his head.

"I have no sound health. Don't know what it is to have a pleasant bodily sensation. And as for the beautiful home to which you refer—" He checked himself, and became silent, while a painful expression settled in his face.

"You have children?"

He lifted his eyes to mine with a questioning look, as if he thought me probing him.

"Yes," he simply answered.

"Pretty well grown by this time?"

"Some of them." He paused, and then added, "And quite past me. Children, Sir!" His manner grew suddenly excited. But he checked himself, with a slight air of confusion; then went on. "Children, Sir!" Stopped once more, as if in shame.

"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," said I, cheerfully.

Payson merely shrugged his shoulders, and looked stolid and unhappy. I referred, in order to change the subject, to a topic of public interest. But his answers showed that he had no intelligent appreciation of a matter in which every man of thought felt a common interest. When I left him, after half an hour's interview, it was with the impression that, outside of money, he was the most unsuccessful man it had been my fortune to meet in this world. In nothing besides money-getting had he succeeded. When I last saw him he was a cheerful, bright, hopeful, good-tempered young man. Now he was morose, gloomy, and dull of intellect, except in a single direction—a great money fungus, without any of the elements of a noble and true life.

Upon inquiry I learned that, while his children were young, he was so absorbed in his fields and in his merchandise that he had no time or inclination to cultivate their morals or to win their love. In matters of no real moment as to the welfare of these children he would interfere with his wife's management of them in an arbitrary and tyrannical way; thus closing their minds against him, and destroying his influence over them for good. Badly managed, repressed unwisely in some directions and unwisely indulged in others, they were growing up selfish, ill-tempered, proud, and exacting; cursing with discord his home instead of blessing it with love. And he, as far as I could learn, giving way to a morose temper, made their lives as uncomfortable as they made his. It was mutual antagonism, and under circumstances that precluded a separation. And here was my successful man!

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melleville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little home, and stood looking me in the face, his own fine countenance all aglow with pleasure. "This is a surprise! Come in! Come in!" And he drew me along the passage into a small parlor, the meagre furniture of which told the story of his limited means.

"When did you arrive? Where did you come from? Why, it's over—let me see—over twenty years since you were here, or at least since I have seen you here."

"Over twenty-five," said I.

"So long! Is it possible? Well, how are you, and where are you? Tell me all about yourself."

All about myself! And the interest was sincere and cordial. "I must hear about you first," I answered, smiling back into his smiling face. "How is it with you?"

"Oh, as well as I deserve, and something better," he replied, cheerfully. No shadows came over his face.

"You have not succeeded in getting rich, I see."

"Not rich in this world's goods; but true success in life is not always to be measured by gold. We start, in early manhood, with happiness as the end in view, and in most cases wealth is considered the chief means of securing that end. I own to having fallen into the error myself. But my successes have not been in that direction. Riches would have done me more harm than good, and so in mercy they have not been given. I struggled hard for them; I called them for a time the greatest good, or the chief means toward attaining the great-

CAPTAIN S. F. DUPONT, U.S.N.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. W. SHERMAN, U.S.A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

est good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came."

"But a manly philosophy sustained you," said I.

"It were better called religion," he answered, his voice falling into a lower key. "I tried philosophy, but it wouldn't do; and so, in my weakness and pain, I went up higher, to the Strong for strength."

His face lighted up beautifully.

"And found Him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I remarked.

"Yes, in truth. *I* am poor; but "His are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

"You have children?" I said.

"Yes, and good children, thank God! Loving children!"

His eyes glistened as he spoke.

And this was the man who had not succeeded; this was the man of whom some spoke with pity, some with indifference, and some even with contempt as of no account. But Payson was "all right!" I referred to Payson.

"Poor man!" was the reply. "I never look at him without a feeling of pity."

"He has succeeded largely."

"There is a difference of opinion about that," said Melleville. "Some think he has failed miserably."

"He is rich."

"In money, and in nothing else; and of all riches that comes with fewest blessings. If not accompanied by riches of the mind and heart, gold always curses its possessor. So I read in the book of human life. It has cursed Payson. I would not exchange places with him, taking his consciousness and state of mind, for the wealth of a thousand worlds. No! no! no!"

He spoke with earnestness.

"I have seen him," said I.

"Well, how did he impress you?"

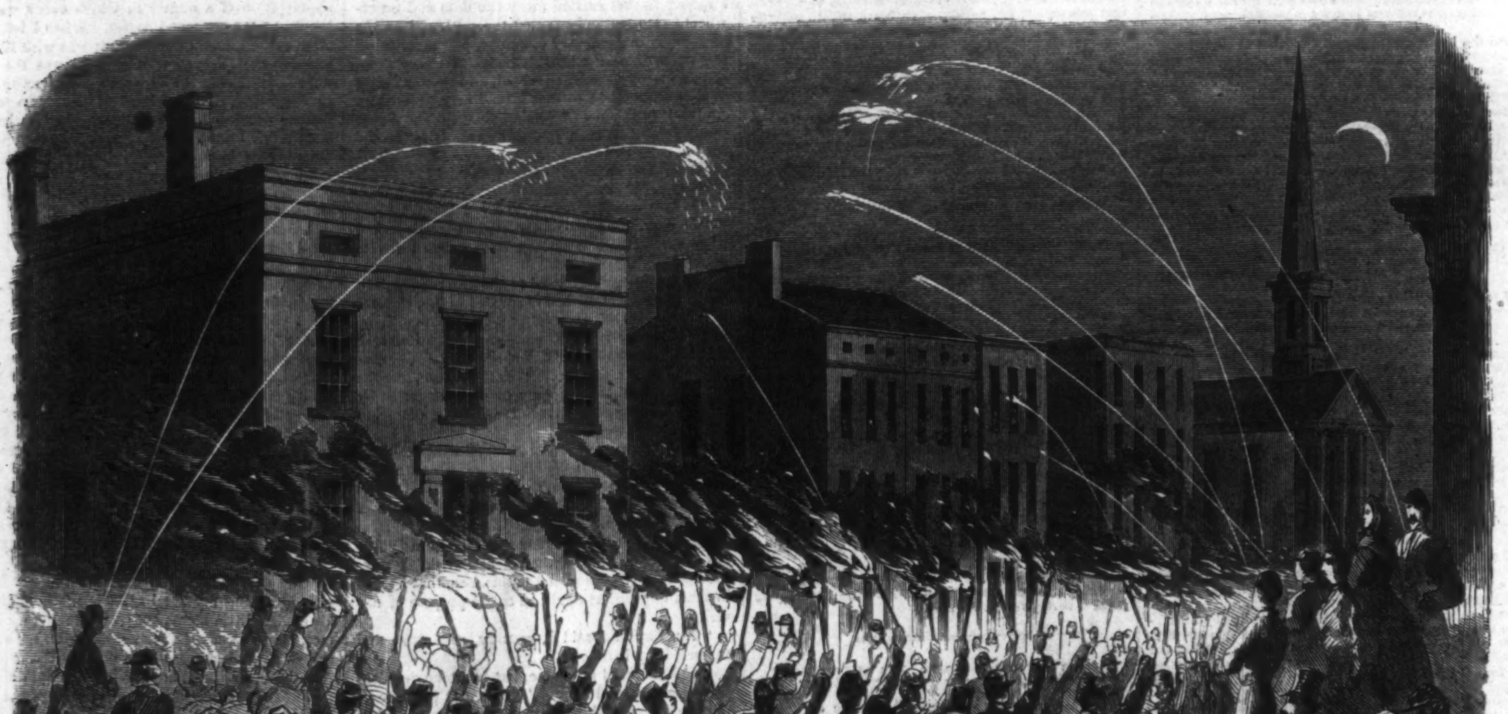
"As to all that is worth living for, I should say with you that his life has been a miserable failure."

"And so are the lives of thousands," he answered, "whom the world points out as its most successful men. Get close to them; see them in their true individuality; in their homes, if you can approach that near, and you will see poor wrecks of manhood, bloated selfishness, tormenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some eating cancer of the soul that goes on, day and night, with its work of ruin."

I saw these two men frequently during the few days that I lingered in the old familiar places, and when I went away it was with no nicely-balanced question in my thought as to which was the truly successful man.

SHELLS.

As the bombardment of the Port Royal forts has directed attention to the subject of shells, we devote page 758 to the illustration of their manufacture. In the centre of the picture will be seen the workmen in a national foundry filling and finishing shells; in the corner on the left a workman is seen pouring in the lead, the direction of which is shown in a small diagram on the right at the top of the picture; the other diagrams and pictures illustrate the various parts of the shell. At the bottom on the right is seen the great Union shell, for the Union gun at Fortress Monroe: it stands about two feet three inches high. The shells used at Port Royal were fired with fuses calculated to explode shortly after the shell landed; other shells explode on striking their object. The negroes at Port Royal called them "Yankee dirt plows!"



TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION OF GENERAL BLENKER'S DIVISION IN HONOR OF THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS TO EUROPE.

We devote this page to illustrations of the capture of the rebel Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, who were arrested on 8th inst. on board the British mail steamer *Trent*, in the Bahamas Channel, by Commodore Wilkes of the United States sloop of war *San Jacinto*. The transaction was thus described by Captain Taylor, the bearer of dispatches from Commodore Wilkes:

Captain Taylor reports that when the *San Jacinto* stopped at Cienfuegos the escape of Slidell and Mason was ascertained. Proceeding thence to Havana, it was understood they had taken passage on the 7th inst. on the British mail steamship *Trent*, plying between Vera Cruz, by way of Havana, and St. Thomas and Southampton. While the *San Jacinto* was in the narrowest part of the Bahama Channel, about twenty-four miles to the westward, she met the packet, and, as usual in such cases, fired a shot across her bows, and brought her to. Two boats were sent to her under the command of Lieutenant Fairfax, who, boarding the packet, arrested Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were personally known to him. They at first objected to being removed without the employment of force for that purpose. However, they were soon after removed without further trouble, and conveyed to the *San Jacinto*. Their respective secretaries, Eustis and M'Farland, were also brought on board, and are now on their way to New York.

Of Commodore Wilkes, who commanded the *San Jacinto*, the *Herald* gives the following memoir:

Captain Charles Wilkes, the captain of the *San Jacinto* at the time when she overhauled the *Trent*, is a native of New York, of which State he is a citizen, and from which State he was appointed to the navy. He was born about the year 1805, and at the early age of thirteen entered the naval service, his original entry therein bearing date January 1, 1818. He stands, according to the last Navy List, No. 51 on the list of captains, his present commission bearing date September 14, 1855. His sea-service under his present commission has been of short duration, his total sea-service being about ten years. He has been on shore and other duty about twenty-seven years, and has been unemployed about seven years, thus making his whole service under the Government of the United States about forty-four years. Previous to his present service his last duty at sea was in June, 1842. His principal employment from that time till ordered upon the *San Jacinto* was upon special duty at Washington. Captain Wilkes is also noted as the great explorer and navigator, having, in consequence of his well-tested scientific ability, been appointed by the Government upon the command of the naval expedition gotten up for the purpose of exploring the countries bordering on the Pacific and Southern oceans.

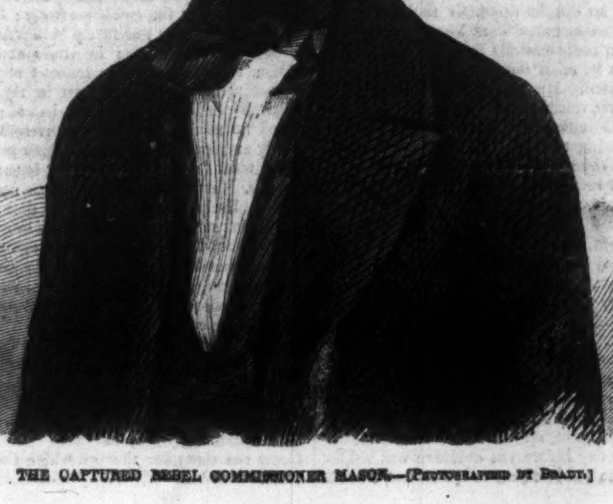
At this time his command consisted of a brig, two war sloops, and two smaller vessels, as tenders, Charles Wilkes having charge of the whole. Starting from New York, he pursued his route, *via* Cape Horn, toward Australia and the neighboring islands. He visited Singapore, Borneo, the Sandwich Islands, and the upper part of Oregon, etc., and returned to New York during the year 1842. This expedition lasted four years, having been commenced in 1838. For the interesting discoveries made by the explorer the learned Geographical Society of London presented him with a gold medal, as a memento of their appreciation of his labors. Captain Wilkes has published several works on geographical research, the one on Western America being very valuable as a volume for reference, the statistics, maps, and drawings being of the highest order. Captain Wilkes has by his present action added another triumph to his list of glories.

The *San Jacinto* arrived at New York with the rebel prisoners on 18th inst., but was ordered forthwith to Boston: Mason and Slidell are to be confined in Fort Warren with the other prisoners of war.

The event has created no little commotion, especially in British circles; for the first time in history the English are complaining of an "outrage on their flag." It seems, however, that the arrest of the rebel Commissioners was fully justified in international law, and that Commodore Wilkes would even have been justified in taking the *Trent*, and bringing her into the harbor of New York as a prize, for carrying rebel officers and dispatches.

COMMODORE WILKES, U.S.N.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS BROUGHT ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "SAN JACINTO" AS PRISONERS.



THE CAPTURED REBEL COMMISSIONER MASON.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE CAPTURED REBEL COMMISSIONER SLIDELL.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

* * * * * * *

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sign, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle— "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever! E. B.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XL.

The dead man's manuscript was gone. But how? A phantom might delude my eye, a human Will, though exerted at a distance, might, if the tales of mesmerism be true, deprive me of movement and of consciousness; but neither phantom nor mesmeric Will could surely remove from the table before me the material substance of the book that had vanished! Was I to seek explanation in the arts of sorcery ascribed to Louis Grayle in the narrative—I would not pursue that conjecture. Against it my reason rose up half alarmed, half disdainful. Some one must have entered the room—some one have removed the manuscript. I looked round. The windows were closed, the curtains partially drawn over the shutters, as they were before my consciousness had left me: all seemed undisturbed. Snatching up one of the candles, fast dying out, I went into the adjoining library, the desolate state-rooms, into the entrance-hall and examined the outer door. Barred and locked! The robber had left no vestige of his stealthy presence.

I resolved to go at once to Strahan's room and tell him of the loss sustained. A deposit had been confided to me, and I felt as if there were a slur on my honor every moment in which I kept its abstraction concealed from him to whom I was responsible for its trust. I hastily ascended the great staircase, grim with faded portraits, and found myself in a long corridor opening on my own bedroom—no doubt also on Strahan's. Which was his? I knew not. I opened rapidly door after door, peered into empty chambers, went blundering on, when, to the right, down a narrow passage, I recognized the signs of my host's whereabout—signs familiarly commonplace and vulgar, signs by which the inmate of any chamber in lodging-house or inn makes himself known—a chair before a doorway, clothes negligently thrown on it, beside it a pair of shoes. And so ludicrous did such testimony of common everyday life, of the habits which Strahan would necessarily have contracted in his desultory unluxurious bachelor's existence—so ludicrous, I say, did these homely details seem to me, so grotesquely at variance with the wonders of which I had been reading, with the wonders yet more incredible of which I myself had been witness and victim, that as I turned down the passage I heard my own unconscious half-hysterical laugh er; and, startled by the sound of that laugh as if it came from some one else, I paused, my hand on the door, and asked myself: "Do I dream? Am I awake? And if awake, what am I to say to the commonplace mortal I am about to rouse? Speak to him of a phantom! Speak to him of some weird spell over this strong frame! Speak to him of a mystic trance in which has been stolen what he confided to me, without my knowledge! What will he say? What should I have said a week since to any man who told such a tale to me?" I did not wait to resolve these questions. I entered the room. There was Strahan sound asleep on his bed. I shook him roughly. He started up, rubbed his eyes—"You, Allen—you! What the deuce?—what's the matter?"

"Strahan, I have been robbed!—robbed of the manuscript you lent me. I could not rest till I had told you."

"Robbed, robbed! Are you serious?"

By this time Strahan had thrown off the bed-clothes, and sat upright, staring at me.

And then those questions which my mind had suggested while I was standing at his door repeated themselves with double force. Tell this man, this unimaginative, hard-headed, raw-boned, sandy-haired North-countryman—tell this man a story which the most credulous school-girl would have rejected as a fable! Impossible.

"I fell asleep," said I, coloring and stammering, for the slightest deviation from truth was painful to me, "and—and—when I woke the manuscript was gone. Some one must have entered and committed the theft—"

"Some one entered the house at this hour of the night, and then only steal a manuscript which could be of no value to him! Absurd! If thieves have come in it must be for other objects—for plate, for money. I will dress; we will see!"

Strahan hurried on his clothes, muttering to himself, and avoiding my eye. He was embarrassed. He did not like to say to an old friend what was on his mind, but I saw at once that he suspected I had resolved to deprive him of the manuscript, and invented a wild tale in order to conceal my own dishonesty.

Nevertheless, he proceeded to search the house. I followed him in silence, oppressed with my own thoughts, and longing for solitude in my own chamber. We found no one, no trace of any one, nothing to excite suspicion. There were but two female servants sleeping in the house—the old housekeeper and a country girl who assisted her. It was not possible to suspect either of these persons, but in the course of our search we opened the doors of their rooms. We saw that they were both in bed, both seemingly asleep: it seemed idle to wake and question them. When the formality of our futile investigation was concluded, Strahan stopped at the door of my bedroom, and for the first time fixing his eyes on me steadily, said:

"Allen Fenwick, I would have given half the fortune I have come into rather than this had happened. The manuscript, as you know, was bequeathed to me as a sacred trust by a benefactor whose slightest wish it is my duty to observe religiously. If it contained aught valuable to a man of your knowledge and profession—why, you were free to use its contents. Let me hope, Allen, that the book will reappear to-morrow."

He said no more, drew himself back from the hand I involuntarily extended, and walked quickly back toward his own room.

Alone once more, I sank on a seat, buried my face in my hands, and strove in vain to collect into some definite shape my own tumultuous and disordered thoughts. Could I attach serious credit to the marvelous narrative I had read? Were there, indeed, such powers given to man? such influences latent in the calm routine of Nature? I could not believe it; I must have some morbid affection of the brain; I must be under a hallucination. Hallucination? The phantom, yes—the trance, yes. But still, how came the book gone? That, at least, was not hallucination.

I left my room the next morning with a vague hope that I should find the manuscript somewhere in the study; that in my own trance I might have secreted it, as sleep-walkers are said to secrete things, without remembrance of their acts in their waking state.

I searched minutely in every conceivable place. Strahan found me still employed in that hopeless task. He had breakfasted in his own room, and it was past eleven o'clock when he joined me. His manner was now hard, cold, and distant, and his suspicion so bluntly shown that my distress gave way to resentment.

"Is it possible," I cried, indignantly, "that you who have known me so well can suspect me of an act so base, and so gratuitously base? Purloin, conceal a book confided to me, with full power to copy from it whatever I might desire; use its contents in any way that might seem to me serviceable to science, or useful to me in my own calling!"

"I have not accused you," answered Strahan, sullenly. "But what are we to say to Mr. Jeeves; to all others who know that this manuscript existed? Will they believe what you tell me?"

"Mr. Jeeves," I said, "can not suspect a fellow-townsman, whose character is as high as mine, of untruth and theft. And to whom else have you communicated the facts connected with a memoir and a request of so extraordinary a nature?"

"To young Margrave; I told you so!"

"True, true. We need not go further to find the thief. Margrave has been in this house more than once. He knows the position of the rooms. You have named the robber!"

"Tut! what on earth could a gay young fellow like Margrave want with a work of such dry and recondite nature as I presume my poor kinsman's memoir must be?"

I was about to answer, when the door was abruptly opened, and the servant girl entered, followed by two men, in whom I recognized the superintendent of the L—— police and the same subordinate who had found me by Sir Philip's corpse.

The superintendent came up to me with a grave face, and whispered in my ear. I did not at first comprehend him. "Come with you," I said, "and to Mr. Vigors the magistrate? I thought my deposition was closed."

The superintendent shook his head. "I have the authority here, Dr. Fenwick."

"Well, I will come, of course. Has any thing new transpired?"

The superintendent turned to the servant girl, who was standing with gaping mouth and staring eyes. "Show us Dr. Fenwick's room. You had better put up, Sir, whatever things you have brought here. I will go up stairs with you," he whispered again. "Come, Dr. Fenwick, I am in the discharge of my duty."

Something in the man's manner was so sinister and menacing that I felt at once that some new and strange calamity had befallen me. I turned toward Strahan. He was at the threshold, speaking in a low voice to the subordinate policeman, and there was an expression of amazement and horror in his countenance. As I came toward him he darted away without a word.

I went up the stairs, entered my bedroom, the superintendent close behind me. As I took up mechanically the few things I had brought with me, the hand of the police-officer drew them from me with an abruptness that appeared insolent, and deliberately searched the pockets of the coat which I had worn the evening before, then opened the drawers in the room, and even pried into the bed.

"What do you mean?" I asked, haughtily.

"Excuse me, Sir. Duty. You are—"

"Well, I am what?"

"My prisoner; here is the warrant."

"Warrant! on what charge?"

"The murder of Sir Philip Derval."

"I—I! Murder!" I could say no more.

I must hurry over this awful passage in my marvelous record. It is torture to dwell on the details, and indeed I have so sought to chase them from my recollection, that they only come back to me in hideous fragments, like the broken, incoherent remains of a horrible dream.

All that I need state is as follows: Early on the very morning on which I had been arrested, a man, a stranger in the town, had privately sought Mr. Vigors, and deposed that, on the night of the murder, he had been taking refuge from a sudden storm under shelter of the eaves and buttresses of a wall adjoining an old archway; that he had heard men talking there in the archway; had heard one say to the other, "You still bear me a grudge." The other had replied, "I can forgive you on one condition." That he then lost much of the conversation that ensued, which was in a lower voice; but he gathered enough to know that the condition demanded by the one was the possession of a casket which the other carried about with him. That there seemed an altercation on this matter between the two men, which, to judge by the tones of voice, was angry on the part of the man demanding the casket; that, finally, this man said in a loud key, "Do you still refuse?" and on receiving the answer, which the witness did not overhear, exclaimed threateningly, "It is you who will repent;" and then stepped forth from the arch into the street. The rain had then ceased, but by a broad flash of lightning the witness saw distinctly the figure of the person thus quitting the shelter of the arch; a man of tall stature, powerful frame, erect carriage. A little time afterward witness saw a slighter and older man come forth from the arch, whom he could only examine by the flickering ray of the gas-lamp near the wall, the lightning having ceased, but whom he fully believed to be the person he afterward discovered to be Sir Philip Derval.

He said that he himself had only arrived a few hours before in the town, a stranger to L——, and indeed to England; having come from the United States of America, where he had passed his life from childhood. He had journeyed on foot to L——, in the hope of finding there some distant relatives. He had put up at a small inn, after which he had strolled through the town, when the storm had driven him to seek shelter. He had then failed to find his way back to the inn, and after wandering about in vain, and seeing no one at that late hour of night of whom he could ask the way, he had crept under a portico and slept for two or three hours. Waking toward the dawn, he had then got up, and again sought to find his way to the inn, when he saw in a narrow street before him two men, one of whom he recognized as the taller of the two, to whose conversation he had listened under the arch, the other he did not recognize at the moment. The taller man seemed angry and agitated, and he heard him say, "The casket; I will have it." There then seemed a struggle between these two persons, when the taller one struck down the shorter, knelt on his breast, and he caught distinctly the gleam of some steel instrument. That he was so frightened that he could not stir from the place, and that though he cried out he believed his voice was not heard. He then saw the taller man rise, the other resting on the pavement motionless, and a minute or so afterward beheld policemen coming to the place, on which he, the witness, walked away. He did not know that a murder had been committed; it might be only an assault; it was no business of his, he was a stranger. He thought it best not to interfere, the policemen having cognizance of the affair. He found out his inn; for the next few days he was, however, absent from L—— in search of his relations, who had left the town many years ago to fix their residence in one of the neighboring villages.

He was, however, disappointed; none of these relations now survived. He had returned to L——, heard of the murder, was in doubt what to do, might get himself into trouble if, a mere stranger, he gave an unsupported testimony. But on the day before the evidence was volunteered, as he was lounging in the streets, he had seen a gentleman pass by on horseback, in whom he immediately recognized the man who, in his belief, was the murderer of Sir Philip Derval. He inquired of a by-stander the name of the gentleman; the answer was Dr. Fenwick. That the rest of the day he felt much disturbed in his mind, not liking to volunteer such a charge against a man of apparent respectability and station; but that his conscience would not let him sleep that night, and he had resolved at morning to go to the magistrate and make a clean breast of it.

This story was in itself so improbable that probably any other magistrate but Mr. Vigors would have dismissed it in contempt. But Mr. Vigors, already so bitterly prejudiced against me, and not sorry, perhaps, to subject me to the humiliation of so horrible a charge, immediately issued his warrant to search my house. I was absent to Derval Court; the house was searched. In the bureau in my favorite study, which was left unlocked, the steel casket was discovered, and a large case-knife, on the blade of which the stains of blood were still perceptible. On this discovery I was apprehended, and on these evidences, and on the deposition of this vagrant stranger, I was not indeed committed to take my trial for murder, but was placed in confinement, all bail for my appearance refused, and the examination adjourned to give time for further evidence and inquiries. I had requested the professional aid of Mr. Jeeves. To my surprise and dismay Mr. Jeeves begged me to excuse him. He said he was pre-engaged by Mr. Strahan to detect and prosecute the murderer of Sir P. Derval, and could not assist one accused of that crime. I gathered from the little he said that Strahan had already been to him that morning and told him of the missing manuscript—that Strahan had ceased to be my friend. I engaged another solicitor, a young man of ability, and who professed personal esteem for me. Mr. Stanton (such was the lawyer's name) believed in my innocence; but he warned me that appearances were grave, he implored me to be perfectly frank with him. Had I held conversation with Sir Philip under the archway as reported by the witness? Had I used such or similar words? Had the deceased said, "I had a grudge against him?" Had I demanded the casket? Had I threatened Sir Philip that he would repent? And of what? His refusal?

I felt myself grow pale as I answered, "Yes, I thought such or similar expressions had occurred in my conversation with the deceased."

"What was the reason of the grudge? What was the nature of this casket, that I should so desire its possession?"

There I became terribly embarrassed. What could I say to a keen, sensible, worldly man of law? Tell him of the powder and the fume, of the scene in the museum, of Sir Philip's tale, of the implied identity of the youthful Margrave with the aged Grayle, of the elixir of life, and of magic arts? I—I tell such a romance! I, the noted adversary of all pretended mysticism! I—I—a skeptical practitioner of medicine! Had that manuscript of Sir Philip's been available—a substantial record of marvelous events by a man of repute for intellect and learning—I might, perhaps, have ventured to startle the solicitor of L—— with my revelations. But the sole proof that all which the solicitor urged me to confide was not a monstrous fiction or an insane delusion had disappeared; and its disappearance was a part of the terrible mystery that enveloped the whole. I answered, therefore, as composedly as I could, that "I could have no serious grudge against Sir Philip, whom I had never seen before that evening; that the words (which applied to my supposed grudge) were lightly said by Sir Philip in reference to a physiological dispute on matters connected with mesmerical phenomena; that the deceased had declared his casket, which he had shown me at the mayor's house, contained drugs of great potency in medicine; that I had asked permission to test those drugs myself; and that when I said that he would repent of his refusal, I merely meant that he would repent of his reliance on drugs not warranted by the experiments of professional science.

My replies seemed to satisfy the lawyer so far, but "How could I account for the casket and the knife being found in my room?"

"In no way but this: the window of that room was a door-window opening on the lane, from which any one might enter it. I was in the habit, not only of going out myself that way, but of admitting through that door any more familiar private acquaintance."

"Whom, for instance?"

I hesitated a moment, and then said, with a significance I could not forbear, "Mr. Margrave! He would know the *locale* perfectly; he would know that the door was rarely bolted from within during the daytime; he could enter at all hours; he could place or instruct any one to deposit things in this cabinet in my bureau, which he knew I never kept locked; it contained no secrets, no private correspondence—chiefly surgical implements, or such things as I might want for professional experiments."

"Mr. Margrave! But you can not suspect him—a lively, charming young man, against whose character not a whisper was ever heard—of connivance with such a charge against you—a connivance that would implicate him in the murder itself, for if you are accused wrongfully, he who accuses you is either the criminal or the criminal's accomplice or tool."

"Mr. Stanton," I said, firmly, after a moment's pause, "I do suspect Mr. Margrave of a hand in this crime. Sir Philip did, on seeing him at the mayor's house, express a strong abhorrence of him, more than hinted at crimes he had committed; appointed me to come to Derval Court the day after that on which the murder was committed. Sir Philip had known some-

thing of this Margrave in the East—Margrave might dread exposure, revelations—of what I know not; but, strange as it may seem to you, it is my conviction that this young man, apparently so gay and so thoughtless, is the real criminal, and in some way that I can not conjecture has employed this lying vagabond in the fabrication of a charge against myself. Reflect: of Mr. Margrave's antecedents we know nothing; of them nothing was known even by the young gentleman who first introduced him to the society of this town. If you would serve and save me, it is to that quarter that you will direct your vigilant and unrelaxing researches."

I had scarcely so said when I repented my candor; for I observed in the face of Mr. Stanton a sudden revulsion of feeling, an utter incredulity of the accusation I had thus hazarded, and for the first time a doubt of my own guilt. The fascination exercised by Margrave was universal; nor was it to be wondered at: for, besides the charm of his joyous presence, he seemed so singularly free from even the errors common enough with the young. So gay and boon a companion, yet a shunner of wine; so dazzling in aspect, so more than beautiful, so courted, so idolized by women, yet no tale of seduction, of profligacy, attached to his name! As to his antecedents, he had so frankly owned himself a natural son, a nobody, a traveler, an idler; his expenses, though lavish, were so unostentatious, so regularly defrayed. He was so wholly the reverse of the character assigned to criminals, that it seemed as absurd to bring a charge of homicide against a butterfly or a goldfinch as against this seemingly innocent and delightful favorite of humanity and nature.

However, Mr. Stanton said little or nothing, and shortly afterward left me, with a dry expression of hope that my innocence would be cleared in spite of evidence that he was bound to say was of the most serious character.

I was exhausted. I fell into a profound sleep early that night; it might be a little after twelve when I woke, and woke as fully, as completely, as much restored to life and consciousness as it was then my habit to be at the break of day. And so waking, I saw on the wall opposite my bed the same luminous phantom I had seen in the wizard's study at Derval Court. I have read in Scandinavian legends of an apparition called the Scin-Læca, or shining corpse. It is supposed, in the northern superstition, sometimes to haunt sepulchres, sometimes to foretell doom. It is the spectre of a human body seen in a phosphoric light. And so exactly did this phantom correspond to the description of such an apparition in Scandinavian fable that I know not how to give it a better name than that of Scin-Læca—the shining corpse.

There it was before me, corpse-like, yet not dead; there, as in the haunted study of the wizard Forman!—the form and the face of Margrave. Constitutionally, my nerves are strong, and my temper hardy, and now I was resolved to battle against any impression which my senses might receive from my own deluding fancies. Things that witnessed for the first time daunt us, witnessed for the second time lose their terror. I rose from my bed with a bold aspect, I approached the phantom with a firm step; but when within two paces of it, and my hand outstretched to touch it, my arm became fixed in air, my feet locked to the ground. I did not experience fear; I felt that my heart beat regularly, but an invincible something opposed itself to me. I stood as if turned to stone, and then from the lips of this phantom there came a voice, but a voice which seemed borne from a great distance—very low, muffled, and yet distinct: I could not even be sure that my ear heard it, or whether the sound was not conveyed to me by an inner sense.

"I, and I alone, can save and deliver you," said the voice. "I will do so, and ask but one condition in return—a condition simple and easy."

"Fiend or spectre, or mere delusion of my own brain," cried I, "there can be no compact between thee and me. I despise thy malice; I reject thy services; I accept no conditions to escape from the one or to obtain the other."

"You may give a different answer when I ask again."

The Scin-Læca slowly waned, and fading first into a wan shadow, then vanished. I rejoiced at the reply I had given. Two days elapsed before Mr. Stanton again came to me; in the interval the Scin-Læca did not reappear. I had mustered all my courage, all my common sense, noted down all the weak points of the false evidence against me, and felt calm and supported by the strength of my innocence.

The first few words of the solicitor dashed all my courage to the ground. For I was anxious to hear news of Lilian, anxious to have some message from her that might cheer and strengthen me, and my first question was this:

"Mr. Stanton, you are aware that I am engaged in marriage to Miss Ashleigh. Your family are not unacquainted with her. What says, what thinks she of this monstrous charge against her betrothed?"

"I was for two hours at Mrs. Ashleigh's house last evening," replied the lawyer; "she was naturally anxious to see me as employed in your defense. Who do you think was there? Who, eager to defend you, to express his persuasion of your innocence, to declare his conviction that the real criminal would be soon discovered—who but that same Mr. Margrave, whom, pardon me my frankness, you so rashly and groundlessly suspected."

"Heavens! Do you say that he is received in that house? that he—*he* is familiarly admitted to *her* presence?"

"My good Sir, why these unjust prepossessions against a true friend? It was as your friend that, as soon as the charge against you amazed and shocked the town of L——, Mr. Margrave called on Mrs. Ashleigh—presented to her by Miss Brabazon—and was so cheering and hopeful that—"

"Enough!" I exclaimed—"enough!"

I paced the room in a state of excitement and rage, which the lawyer in vain endeavored to calm, until at length I halted abruptly. "Well—and you saw Miss Ashleigh? What message does she send to me—her betrothed?"

Mr. Stanton looked confused. "Message! Consider, Sir—Miss Ashleigh's situation—the delicacy—and—and—"

"I understand! no message, no word, from a young Lady so respectable to a Man accused of murder."

Mr. Stanton was silent for some moments, and then said, quietly, "Let us change this subject; let us think of what more immediately presses. I see you have been making some notes; may I look at them—"

I composed myself and sat down. "This accuser—have inquiries really been made as to himself, and his statement of his own proceedings? He comes, he says, from America—in what ship? At what port did he land? Is there any evidence to corroborate his story of the relations he tried to discover—of the inn at which he first put up, and to which he could not find his way?"

"Your suggestions are sensible, Dr. Fenwick. I have forestalled them. It is true that the man lodged at a small inn—the Rising Sun; true that he made inquiries about some relations of the name of Walls, who formerly resided at L——, and afterward removed to a village ten miles distant—two brothers—tradesmen of small means but respectable character. He at first refused to say at what sea-port he landed, in what ship he sailed. I suspect that he has now told a falsehood as to these matters. I have sent my clerk to Southampton—for it is there he said that he was put on shore; we shall see—the man himself is detained in close custody. I hear that his manner is strange and excitable; but that he preserves silence as much as possible. It is generally believed that he is a bad character, perhaps a returned convict, and that this is the true reason why he so long delayed giving evidence, and has been since so reluctant to account for himself. But even if his testimony should be impugned, should break down, still we should have to account for the fact that the casket and the case-knife were found in your bureau. For, granting that a man acquainted with your house could in your absence have entered your study and placed the articles in your bureau, it is clear that this stranger to L—— could not have possessed that knowledge."

"Of course not—Mr. Margrave did possess it."

"Mr. Margrave again—oh, Sir!"

I arose and moved away, with an impatient gesture. I could not trust myself to speak. That night I did not sleep; I watched impatiently, gazing on the opposite wall, for the gleam of the Scin-Læca. But the night passed away, and it did not appear.

THE M'CLELLAN CELEBRATION.

On page 764 we publish a picture of the M'Clellan Celebration, which took place last week in Washington, on the occasion of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief. The Washington *Star* said of it:

The grand torch-light procession, display of fire-works, and serenade to General M'Clellan, last night, in honor of his succession to the chief command of the armies of the United States, was one of the most imposing displays ever witnessed in this city. The compliment proceeded from the soldiers of Blenker's Brigade, but the procession was joined by a great number of other volunteers and a large number of citizens anxious to do honor to our General. The procession numbered about 2000 infantry and two companies of cavalry, with a great number of citizens, each man holding a torch in his hand, while brilliant blue, red, and white lights were seen at intervals along the line.

They started from the neighborhood of Seventh Street, and marched up the Avenue as far as the Presidential Mansion, and entering the eastern gate, defiled past the mansion and out of the western gate of the inclosure past the residence of the Secretary of War, toward the residence of General M'Clellan, at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets.

Fine bands accompanied the procession, and delightful music was performed at each place of halting. After the serenade to General M'Clellan, loud calls were made for him, when he appeared for an instant, bowed, and retired. There were loud calls for a speech from him, but they did not have the effect to bring him out.

Speeches were made by Secretaries Seward and Cameron, and by General Blenker, however, which were received with the wildest enthusiasm by the vast multitude present.

FORTS RUNYON AND ALBANY.

We publish on page 759, from a sketch by our special artist at Washington, pictures of Forts Runyon and Albany, near Washington. These are among the most important of the works which have been lately erected for the protection of the Federal Capital, and are believed to be impregnable. They are under the command of Colonel Greene, of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment. A description of their character and armament would serve no useful purpose at the present time, and we let the pictures speak for themselves.

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